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BLIMP AND BEVERIDGE

WHO said Blimp was dead? In the Army itself he is no longer very active; he is on the retired list, gouty and peppery, a praiser of earlier and simpler wars. But he still manages to get along to the War Office. He still sits among the files in Whitehall and he is still capable of mischief, defunct though Ministers have declared him to be. Take this business of the withdrawal of the A.B.C.A. pamphlet on the Beveridge Report. A.B.C.A. is now an established and popular feature of Army life. It was a matter of routine for officers to receive the pamphlet; it consisted of a concise summary made by Sir William Beveridge himself, with a two-page introduction in which the issues raised by the proposals were cautiously and objectively stated. Of the status and credentials of the Report there can be no doubt; Sir William was appointed by the Cabinet, and his Report has been continuously and vigorously "plugged" by the B.B.C., the Ministry of Information and by Cabinet Ministers. Mr. R. G. Casey, Minister of State, himself reported to be no Radical, remarked in the course of an excellent broadcast delivered when he reached this country from the Middle East, that the Beveridge Report was the main topic of discussion and interest among the soldiers of the Eighth Army this Christmas.

Was the War Office impressed by the discovery that here at last was the very stuff the troops have been demanding for the last two years or more? The Ministry of Information hailed the Beveridge Report as the best propaganda yet produced in the war. But the War Office Blimps are apparently not interested in morale. They keep up the pretence that common soldiers do not think. What? Allow other ranks to have the comfort, so carefully fostered in the German Army, of believing that after this war soldiers will not again be discarded to sell matches in the streets? Perish the thought that the English soldier should not know his place in the gutter! If he gets ideas above his status, Gad, sir, he might not vote for Lord Croft's friends in the next election. He might even demand the social security that he has been promised in so many speeches, that finds its place among the "four freedoms," and that is said to be one of the things for which he is called upon to die.

We shall be asked whether there is not more behind this, whether the War Office has not given some reputable reason for the withdrawal. No such reputable reason has been found. Two excuses are given. First, it is "inappropriate" for the Army to discuss these proposals before they have been officially introduced into the House of Commons. This is almost incredible. Blimp was never intelligent, but when he was a mere colonel, before he was elevated to the House of Lords, he could think out better nonsense than this. After all, the War Office does not forbid the discussion of the Beveridge proposals; it only objects to the discussion being based on knowledge of what the proposals are. Instead of arguing from a careful and authoritative exposition of the facts, they prefer the men to find out what they are about from newspaper reports and partisan statements. The second excuse put forward by the War Office is no less absurd. The issues are "too difficult" for A.B.C.A. discussions; officers would not understand them. If this is the truth, then the whole idea of Army Education is impossible; and so, since the army is made up of ordinary people, is all adult education. The Beveridge proposals are not peculiarly complex, and they are far more intimately related to the lives of ordinary soldiers than the American, Chinese and Russian topics which have been the subjects of former and successful pamphlets. In truth, if Colonel Blimp had wished to do the Beveridge proposals a good turn he could not have acted otherwise.

Discussion of social security has been universally stimulated; we hear of units where the Beveridge Report, which along with other proposals had been regarded with indifference by disillusioned soldiers, has now suddenly become a matter of intense and vital interest. If it frightens the War Office, then, it is argued, the Beveridge Report must really be worth while. As a result, when the request for withdrawal arrived, we are told that a surprisingly large proportion of the 100,000 copies distributed, had been mysteriously mislaid, and there is an immediate demand for all forms of literature about the Beveridge scheme. This journal must thank Lord Croft for a superb advertisement for our pamphlet, *Beveridge Explained.*

Officers and soldiers who have written and spoken to us on this subject are not, however, inclined to treat this example of Blimpery as a laughing matter. They know well enough that most soldiers have become cynics; they see that the war for liberation looks like turning into a war to back every reactionary force in Europe; and they ask why anyone should expect them to be fooled into believing in a "better world" beyond the seas, when their rulers cannot even face the necessity of changing our own out-of-date system. Officers tell us that they regarded the Beveridge Report as at length offering a way of removing from their soldiers the haunting fear of post-war poverty and unemployment. If this document is withdrawn, soldiers will draw the inference that their rulers do not intend voluntarily to concede any social change. A mood will be engendered in the Army that will be not merely cynical about Lord Croft, but conclusive.

We urge that this issue be resolutely taken up by all progressive persons. If public opinion within and without the House of Commons cannot reverse this decision and get rid of the individuals in the War Office who are responsible for it, then democracy is not alive in this country. The issue is simple. There can be no pretence on this occasion of military necessity; on the contrary, the military necessity is to get rid of the dangerously selfish, stupid and irresponsible people in key positions. A case for effective and speedy action in the country and in the Commons.

The Russian Advance

The Russian counter-offensives are going so brilliantly that the sober commentator has to keep a tight rein on the impulse to hope for too much. This week in its complicated plan of campaign the Red Army has put its chief effort into the drive south-westwards from Stalingrad along the Kuban railway which runs parallel with the Don to end in the port of Novorossisk. The key town of Kotelnikovo has been captured with astonishing ease. This place had served the Nazis as their forward base for the assault on Stalingrad, and was packed with booty, which the Nazis abandoned more or less intact. Usually of late the Russians have by-passed such strong places as this. Its easy capture suggests either a growing demoralisation among the Germans or a numerical superiority on the Russian side which would surprise us. This success means that the German column which set out to relieve Stalingrad has been completely broken up. Naturally enough, while this movement of the Russian Left Wing has prospered beyond all expectation, the southward thrust of the Right Wing down the Voronezh-Rostov railway has proceeded more slowly and is still held at Millerovo, which it may be content to by-pass for a time. But it is now reasonable to hope that the two wings, converging on Rostov, may eventually meet. In that event not only would von Hoth's great army before Stalingrad be doomed—as, indeed, it seems to be already—but the two German armies in the Caucasus would be cut off from their base. From Tunisia there is as yet no better news, but Montgomery's advance past Sirte goes steadily forward. The recovery of Djibouti for Free France is rather a political than a military success.

To Rescue the Jews

A fortnight has passed since the Commons stood in silence to mourn the million Jews Hitler has massacred. But so far as we can learn no single step forward has been taken either by the Foreign Office or the Home Office to rescue the surviving Jews of Europe, who may all be doomed. It is a grave mistake to suppose that the Jews who were slaughtered in Poland were solely or even chiefly Polish Jews. The ghettoes and camps of Poland had been gradually filled over the last two years by Jews from Austria, Holland and even France, especially children. Vienna some while back was pronounced "clean of Jews." There have been no massacres in Germany itself; some atrocities even Hitler dare not commit in sight of his own people. That is why the slaughterhouse is out of sight, and this also explains why the Gestapo uses special battalions of White Russians and men from the Baltic States to do the filthy job. The conclusion is, then, that all the surviving Jews of Western Europe may be under sentence of extermination, while we look on. We would renew our plea that a joint approach be made by London and Washington to the neutrals, Switzerland, Sweden, Turkey and the Vatican asking for their diplomatic intervention in Berlin. If they would offer to give sanctuary, provisionally on their own soil, to Jews, especially children, who crossed the frontier, we should undertake to bear the cost and find an eventual refuge for them, whether in Palestine or the New World. A new fact gives us hope that some of these neutrals might dare to do this good deed. We learn that a hopeful move is being made by the Swedes to rescue the comparatively few Jews of Norway. That certainly is easier than what we propose, but difficult though it may be, history will be astounded at our callousness if we fail even to attempt it. It is not like the nation's conception of Mr. Eden that he should sit still with folded hands.

The Post-war World

Vice-President Wallace is charged by his American critics with being "starry-eyed." This seems to mean that he has a firmer grip on the essentials of the post-war situation than any other democratic spokesman. In the speech that he made at Madison Square Gardens on November 7th, he spoke of the necessity of combining the political liberties which democracy has won in the West with the economic liberty which the worker has seized in Russia. In his speech last Monday he took his argument a stage further. We shall get no liberties of any sort, but a mere repetition of wars, famines and revolutions, unless at the end of this war we can build economic and social, as well as political institutions on an international basis. Mr. Wallace knows that a victory for the more old-fashioned Republicans would mean high tariffs once again and the abolition of lend-lease. He sees in lend-lease the instrument of future welfare for the United States, as well as for devastated and backward areas. He rightly insists that it is to the interest of the American business man to create the market he needs by building up the standard of living of the primary producer all over the world. Once again private and public interest coincide. But it is obvious that none of these things will take place unless agreement has been reached amongst the United Nations during the war. It is a devastating fact that Mr. Eden should have to admit the other day in the House of Commons that so far no discussions are taking place about the post-war world between the Western Democracies and Soviet Russia.

Republican Prospects

Ernest Lindley remarked in the American Commentary on Saturday night that Governor Bricker, of Ohio, was now much talked of as Republican choice for the Presidential campaign of 1944. This will not surprise anyone. Wendell Willkie has gone far to break with the Party machine; he set out deliberately to create the biggest possible following for an internationalist as against an isolationist Republican President. On the other hand, Dewey, in the key position of New York, represents a purely reactionary and machine-made point of view which is quite unlikely to defeat Roosevelt if he should stand a fourth time. Therefore, the sages say, you must expect another Republican candidate to come up between these two when they cancel out. Governor Stassen, of Minnesota, would be a fine progressive choice and the machine would be strong enough to stop him. They would try to work it so that a good safe man with as blank a record as possible would be chosen. Taft and Vandenburg and the other possibles have all given more hostages to fortune than Bricker, who has the reputation of a good and popular Governor and who has not, as Lindley pointed out, yet said anything on foreign affairs or anything noticeable on social affairs. Theoretically, therefore, he is the ideal man to build up to just the necessary point of progressiveness to placate the progressive republicans without outraging the more reactionary. To which we need only add that this is about as good a calculation as anyone can make in 1942, but that in fact nobody has the slightest idea what the situation will be eighteen months hence.

Ministerial Changes

The ministerial changes are all, from the war point of view, at the secondary level, but for the post-war planning, two are of importance. Sir William Jowitt, as Minister without Portfolio, is given Cabinet rank. He will now at least have access to the War Cabinet. He can devote his whole time to the task of collating the plans of the various bodies concerned; he may even for the first time get someone to pay attention to them. How various these schemes are was evident from the catalogue which he produced in the recent House of Commons debate, when his speech contained them in an excellent proportion and perspective. Whether Mr. W. S. Morrison has the necessary strength to fight the battles that will be forced on any Minister who actually does any Town and Country Planning remains to be seen. It is essential that that Minister should seek to enlarge his jurisdiction: we hope that Mr. Morrison will add a good appetite for power and action to his lively intelligence. The political position in North Africa is quite as touchy as it was a year ago in Egypt: and it is certain, after the inept handling of the Darlan appointment, that Britain and the United States ought to concert their policy there. Sending Mr. Harold Macmillan as an opposite number to Mr. Murphy, President Roosevelt's representative, should at least be an improvement. He has been a good Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonies, hard working and patient; and his apprenticeship there should have furnished him with knowledge of and sympathy for the views of the North Africans, whose future, among the milling interests of French, American and British arms is apt to be overlooked. The other appointments are party affairs. Arthur Henderson becomes Financial Secretary to the War Office, and Lord Cherwell, the Premier's scientific confidante, assumes the odd title of Paymaster-General.

The Railway Trouble

The railway engine-drivers are in a mood of strong resentment at the recent railway wages award, made by the National Arbitration Tribunal. This award, which granted wage-advances of 5s. a week to men, 3s. 9d. to women, and lower amounts to juniors, has been accepted by the N.U.R. and by the Railway Clerks' Association; but it is keenly criticised by the leaders of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen. The A.S.L.E. and F., which has most of the footplate grades in its ranks, represents one of the most skilled branches of the railway service, and has a habit of taking a line of its own. In this instance, it is contended that too little attention has been given to the special claims of the drivers and firemen, who are bearing an exceptionally heavy strain under war conditions, but are unable, like most grades of skilled war workers, to increase their incomes by piecework or special bonuses. It is, no doubt, the case that the engine drivers are, in comparison with most other war workers of comparable skill, an ill-paid group nowadays, though there are, of course, skilled grades that have fared worse in trades less essential to the war effort. We venture to doubt whether there is any real likelihood of the railway strike which is being freely spoken of as possible. The Locomotive Engineers may wish to bring further pressure to bear in order to get their claims reconsidered. Under present conditions we shall be very much surprised if there is in their minds any serious thought of a resort to strike action.

Man-power—The Last Lap

The Ministry of Labour is reaching a danger-point in its career as the agency mainly responsible for achieving a right distribution of man-power. There are now practically no reserves of man-power, or of woman-power, to be drawn upon, though a little more may be achieved by extending further the part-time factory employment of married women. Apart from this, all that remains is to achieve a better distribution of the labour that is already employed; and this process has already been carried so far as not to leave much room for large-scale readjustments. There are, no doubt, pockets of under used labour still in some of the big factories; and everything possible needs to be done to find and to remove such surpluses. But for the most part the Ministry of Labour's job is coming to be one of finding an individual here and another there who can just be spared from their present employments. Such a job lends itself all too easily to a resort to mere badgering and to a test of achievement which reckons in terms of the number of persons made to move, whether they are moved for better or for worse. The result may well be to move people out of jobs they do well into jobs they do badly, and to send in substitutes who do the vacated jobs badly—with the consequence that both jobs are done worse than they need be. This arises especially where local officials of no very high calibre are trying to show results at

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all costs. In general, the Ministry of Labour deserves high praise for the dexterity with which it has handled the man-power problem. Let us hope that, now its main job is done, it will not spoil its good work by getting the fidgets itself and thus upsetting everybody else.

Prestige Advertising and Paper Shortage

The current issue of the Oxford *Bulletin of Statistics* has an interesting comment on the paper situation in relation to "prestige" advertising. An analysis of the contents of a number of trade journals for the current year showed that on the average no less than 58 per cent. of their total space was still taken up by advertisements, and that, with the exception of a small proportion of classified advertisements, these were mainly "prestige" publicity for products which are either unobtainable, or in so short supply as plainly not to need pushing by way of advertisement. The *Bulletin* goes on to point out that the reduced paper ration assigned to periodicals, as distinct from newspapers, is about 50,000 tons a year. Trade papers no doubt carry a considerably higher proportion of advertising matter than other periodicals; but the *Bulletin* points out that, even if the allowance for adertising space were 35 per cent. and not 58 per cent. "prestige" advertisements in periodicals other than newspapers would still be allowed to use an amount of paper no less than the total supply allotted for the production of books"—that is, about 18,000 tons. Is there a flaw in this reasoning? If there is not a very obvious flaw, the matter seems to call for more investigation than it has yet received. Of course, trade journals depend financially to a very great extent on their revenue from advertisements; but can anyone regard a 58 per cent. allocation of their supply of paper to advertising mainly things which cannot be got as a legitimate use of labour and shipping space in time of war?

THE TWO NATIONS IN FRANCE

It would be hypocritical to pretend that we heard with regret the news of Admiral Darlan's end. At the same time we recall that the last word on political assassination was spoken by Voltaire in his reflections on the impoverishment European civilisation suffered, while it was in fashion, between the generations of Henri IV and William of Orange. If a Darlan perished in this war it was a Jaurès who fell in the last. Rattling back to barbarism in the last decade the world has forgotten already too many of the lessons of history. This murder is still mysterious and the latest story that Giraud was also to be murdered only adds to the mystery. The dead man's treacheries were so complicated that they might well have aroused the fury of a fanatic in either camp. All that is clear about the anonymous young man is that his motive, however misguided, must have been disinterested. Nor should the President call "cowardly" a man who deliberately forfeited his own life.

History may see in the dead man the typical figure of a decadent and defeatist period in the development of France. She had lost her old self-confidence and had gained as yet no new social ambition to take its place. At Munich, if not earlier, she abandoned once for all her rôle as a great European Power which dared to protect its allies. The defensive thinking embodied in the Maginot Line was the strategical expression of this retreat from greatness. She hoped behind that line to retain her comfort, her elegance and her subject Empire, but dominated by the bulk of Germany she knew that she must play second to some greater Power. But which? Darlan's professional outlook may go some way to explain his antipathy to our country. The French navy has a great past to regret, and does not easily resign itself to collaboration in a subordinate position with its hereditary rival. The Admiral never held any combatant command of importance at sea, but he may have been a good teacher of naval theory and in his later years a good organiser, who also had the key to the rather grimy maze of politics. His grievance against Britain dated from Sir Samuel Hoare's masterpiece of appeasement—the naval agreement he concluded with Hitler without consulting our French Allies. After the collapse we may have had no choice but to attack his ships at Oran, but inevitably this unlucky act threw not only the Admiral but most of the professional fighting caste of France into the arms of the enemy.

What was it this defeatist ruling class asked from the greater Power whose orbit it felt it must enter? Chiefly support against what it most dreaded—its own working class. Its fear of revolution ranked high among the motives that led to its capitulation. That is the one bond which holds together the oddly assorted crew which revolves round Vichy. Two of its groups rank as respectable. First come the industrialists—for the most part rather backward in their techniques and unenterprising since they relied almost entirely on a closely protected home market. They are working profitably for Hitler's war-machine and believe that he has assured them a remunerative if humble place in the New European order. With them are many of "the two hundred families" of high finance with their venal hangers-on of the press and the law. Then come the men of the *ancien régime*, old landed families, of the impoverished but still proud, who always hated the Republic and the traditions of the Revolution, usually clericalist and often monarchist. The old Marshal who dreams of going back to the eighteenth century typifies if he exaggerates their outlook. On their fringe march the professional soldiers and sailors, whose views are pretty much what their fathers' were in the days when Anti-semitism first reared its head against Dreyfus, save that they understand the need for some manifestation of the principle of authority more dynamic and more popular than anyone in this uninventive camp had conceived, until Hitler and Mussolini gave them their model. So we come to the genuine Fascists, the thugs and adventurers round Doriot and Déat, with a few renegade Socialists like Paul Faure. It may be an unimpressive crew—gentlemen and gangsters, clericals and stockbrokers, soldiers who will not fight and *entrepreneurs* who lack enterprise—but it includes a fairly high proportion of what was respectable and powerful in the decadent France of yesterday. It is formidable chiefly because it is led by a tyrannous fear. The class struggle had been for some seven years so acute in France that its "two nations" had lost all comprehension of each other and were divided by a legend of malice almost as completely as if they spoke distinct languages across a mountain barrier. It was Tacitus—was it not?—who said that the German tribes were divided *metu ac montibus*.

What happened, then, to Darlan, who for a time had led this crew as the effective will behind the senile Marshal, to induce him to change sides? That expression is misleading. He maintained that he reigned in Algiers as the authentic viceroy for Vichy. He claimed to be still the head of that decadent France of the privileged classes. But he had found for it a new protecting Power—not Britain which he detested, nor Germany in whose favours Laval had ousted him, but the United States. If we understand correctly a recent broadcast by Mr. Lindley, who seemed to be speaking for the State Department, it regarded his desertion of the Axis with some pride as the fruit of its own policy of appeasement. It seems that Admiral Leahy had disclosed to him, well in advance of the date, the American plan for a landing in North Africa and had asked him what in that event he would do. His answer was characteristic: Oppose you if your force is small: rally to you if it is considerable. It was considerable. After this disclosure, it is pertinent to ask whether with his knowledge of the mind of the State Department, the Admiral had come to the conclusion that the interests of the French reaction would be as safe under its protection as they would be under Nazi patronage? The prospects may well have seemed promising, for he had in Africa not merely an almost solidly Fascist corps of officers and a native army as reliable for his purposes as the Moors were for Franco's, but also in the French civilian population an ideal backing for his future political operations. These settlers have always been a privileged caste: they had long been addicted to Anti-semitism: they were peculiarly hostile to the Popular Front because in a rather irresolute way it had tried to do something to enlarge the political rights and raise the standard of life of the native population: finally, they had developed, with offshoots of the Fascist parties, a close initiation of the Hitler Youth.

We shall await with curiosity and not without hope the result of the negotiations between General Giraud and General de Gaulle. It is satisfactory that the former makes no claim to derive his authority from Vichy. That he is a gallant soldier, his record proves, and he has never bent the lance to Hitler. But personality in such cases is a secondary matter. Giraud, like Darlan, is working from a Fascist base and with a Fascist army. If this army plays a major part in liberating France and forms the first provisional military government, the problem of the day after to-morrow will be to devise safeguards which will allow the other France, the vital and hopeful France of those who have maintained resistance to exercise its political rights freely. The nominal right to vote would be worthless if the whole apparatus of government, with its control of economic life and the censorship of opinion, were exercised by the hands that govern Algeria to-day. We shall begin to look for something better when the men now working as slaves on the Saharan Railway—International Brigadiers, Spanish Republicans and Jewish refugees—are set at liberty, and not till then.

ANNO DOMINI, 1942

In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.—*St. Matthew.*

Once from wicked Herod's city
Fled a Mother with her Son,
Sheltered in the land of Egypt
Till the tyrant's course was run.
Not the Queen of Heaven was she,
But a Jewish refugee.

Though in times of pagan darkness
Slaughter of the innocents
Was not met with solemn protests
By humaner governments,
Exiles in the realm of Cæsar
Did not need a transit visa.

Now two thousand years have followed,
Blessing Man with milder rule,
Once more Israel's children perish
But to-day the world is full.
Earth is full, there is no room
For Israel in Christendom.

Only in the place of slaughter
None need for admittance wait,
Death does not restrict the quota,
All may enter at his gate;
But they nail the *Keep Out* sign
At the gate of Palestine.

Milk of human kindness flowing,
Warmth of Christian charity,
In the modern Herod's shambles
Israel's children will not see.
Sanctuary there is none
For the mother nor the son.

SAGITTARIUS

THE SCHOOLS AND THE CHURCHES

To what extent is it necessary to compromise with the Church of England, or to give way to the Roman Catholics, in order to get a new Education Bill on to the Statute Book? It is a most regrettable thing, on the special issue of the "dual system," that there should have to be any concession at all; for, as almost every Director of Education knows to his cost, the "dual system" is, from the standpoint of educational efficiency, an unmitigated nuisance. The million children who attend the 9,000 Church of England elementary schools in England and Wales are, on the average, being much worse taught in infinitely worse buildings than the children in the council schools; and it is hardly suggested that, to make up for this, they are in fact benefiting by a superior religious education. A large proportion of them are in the villages, and many of the schools are in single-school areas and constitute a relic of the old order under which village life was entirely dominated by the squire and the parson. These schools exist for historical and not for religious reasons. They exist because the churches were in the field of education long before the State entered it, and because the Church of England, largely for social-conservative reasons, held on to its schools when most of the Nonconformist bodies were content to hand theirs over to the State. It is not the case that these Church schools are better teachers of Christian principles than the State schools. The difference is one of quality and of social conservatism, and not of religious teaching. To the extent to which the villages remain more "Christian" than the towns, the cause is conservatism and not any real religious impulse in either the teachers or the taught. Nor is there really evidence that the villages are more "Christian," if "Christian" means, as it is often taken to mean, not acceptance of a particular theology or institution, but the basing of the art of living on a moral code traditionally associated with Christianity. In that sense many an atheist or sceptic is as good a Christian as anyone else; and we have yet to be convinced that "Christian charity" prevails more in village life than among the poorer inhabitants of our great cities.

The pother about the religious basis of the Church schools is in truth mainly mumbo jumbo. The situation is somewhat different in respect of the 300,000 children who are attending the 1,250 Roman Catholic schools. These schools are mostly urban, quite largely in very poor areas, and, of course, most numerous where there is a big Irish element in the population. They are not a survival, but mainly a modern growth; and they stand for something real, even if the reality is hostile to educational quality. The Church schools tend to be small, and to have smallish classes, because many of them are in areas of declining child population. The Roman Catholic schools, on the other hand, tend to be big, with grossly overcrowded classes and a low educational standard, because it is the policy of the Roman Catholic Church to cater for as many children as possible, without much thought of its ability to afford them a good education. The standard of the teachers is probably higher in the Roman Catholic than in the Church schools; but the buildings are bad, and the teachers' classes are mostly much too big.

It goes with this difference, that the Church of England, conscious of defending an anachronism, is ready to go a little way towards a compromise, whereas the Roman Catholics, as an active propagandist group with a belief in themselves, will not budge an inch. Indeed, what they want is that the State shall pay for putting their schools into proper condition, and shall leave them entirely free, not merely to carry on uncontrolled, but to extend their influence by getting hold of more children, and thus making the State pay for having them firmly indoctrinated with Roman Catholic beliefs. The Roman Catholics are a militant minority: the Church of England is also, nowadays, a minority, but it is not militant in the same sense. It is mainly trying to hold on to as much as it can of the legacy of its past.

This, however, is not the whole truth; for, if the Church can hold on, it will in fact be making a very large gain. At present elementary education, to which alone the "dual system" applies, runs normally up to 14 years of age, and sometimes to 15 or beyond. But it is now proposed to make a new cut at 11 *plus* or thereabouts, and to provide secondary schooling for all children between 11 and the new school-leaving age, which will be at least 15, and may soon be 16. The really vital question is whether the "dual system" is to be reincarnated and perpetuated in the new code of secondary education, under which will come the senior schools at present conducted under the elementary code. If the denominations, Church and Catholics, can consolidate their position in the new secondary schools, they will have made an enormous gain; and any concession which the Church of England may appear to be making under the plan recently endorsed by the Church Assembly will be much more than offset by the incursion of the "non-provided" into the secondary field. Nor is this all. There is much talk nowadays of a "common code" for all secondary education, including grammar schools and technical high schools, as well as modern schools based on the existing type of senior school. If the "dual system" is once admitted into the secondary field, where will the encroachment stop? Already one hears the more incautious apostles of religious education urging that it must be firmly established in all schools, of whatever type, and that all schools, instead of being subject directly to the Local Education Authorities, should have independent Boards of Governors on which the religious interests should be able to secure large representation.

Actually, under guise of making concessions, the Church of England, as well as the Roman Catholic Church, is claiming more than it has had in the past. It is claiming to share in the control of publicly financed secondary education, and to keep its control right up to the new statutory leaving age.

This, surely, is the point at which concession ought to be rejected firmly. If it is politically impracticable to make an end of the "dual system" under a Government based on "national unity," can we not at any rate confine the dualism strictly to the elementary field, as it will henceforth be defined? Let the control of schools by the churches stop definitely at 11, when the primary stage ends; and let all the new-type secondary schools (including the existing senior and central schools as they are transferred to the new order) be fully provided schools on the same lines as the excellent Secondary Schools built by the Local Education Authorities during the past forty years. If we must leave the "dual system" in being, let us confine it strictly to elementary education, with which alone, inside the State system, it has any historical connection. Let us, by all means, keep dualism outside the secondary field.

Even if this is done, the compromise will be unsatisfactory enough. The State will be able, by paying the piper, to ensure a satisfactory standard of accommodation and equipment in the non-provided schools; but even under the compromise solution proposed by the National Society and the Church Assembly, there will be a large number of schools paid for mainly out of public funds in which appointments of teachers will continue to be controlled by denominational influence, and teachers who fail to satisfy denominational requirements will be excluded from promotion. Even in schools which are handed over to the L.E.A.s under the conditions proposed by the National Society, the scales will be heavily weighted against any teacher who is not entirely acceptable to the local church pundits; for the proposed method of consultation between the school managers and the L.E.A. over the appointment of headmasters or headmistresses is clearly meant to be used to rule out teachers who cannot be relied on to adopt a "correct" religious attitude. This is the most unacceptable of all the National Society's proposals. Even if it is necessary to pay out public money in subsidies towards the improvement of non-provided schools where the managers are prepared and able to meet an agreed proportion of the total cost, it is surely quite unreasonable to demand the retention of any control over the appointment of headmasters or headmistresses where the Local Education Authority or the State is to be called upon to foot practically the entire bill. Where the managers cannot bear the agreed proportion of the cost of bringing a school up to a satisfactory standard, surely the school ought to be taken over completely, without any conditions restricting its future government.

There is, on the other hand, every reason for meeting the claim that restrictions on the times at which religious instruction may be given should be swept away. The existing rule, whereby such instruction has to take place at the same time for all forms, means in practice that all teachers have to be prepared to give religious instruction, whatever their convictions may be. This is absurd, and immoral. If there is to be religious teaching it ought clearly to be given by teachers who believe in it; and this means that some teachers, in order to relieve others, ought to give it to different forms at different times. Here, at any rate, is one point on which the religious and the irrelegious ought to be able to agree; for the last thing most irreligious people want is that a make-believe of religious instruction shall be given compulsorily by teachers who do not believe in it.

This brings us back to a final point, which underlies much of the current controversy about religious education. When people say that this is a "Christian country," that Christianity is part of our national tradition, and, in the words of the National Society, that "a Christian foundation is the only and essential basis of real education," what do they mean?. If they mean that the Christian *ethic* (or the Stoic ethic, which is perhaps closer to the British ideal) is the traditional foundation of our way of living, no one is likely to disagree. If they mean that no one can live according to this ethic without believing that Christ was the Son of God, was crucified for mankind, and rose again on the third day, they are talking nonsense. Most of the teachers who reject the second set of beliefs accept the first fully as much as those who accept both. The essential nature of our social morality is not in dispute: what is in dispute is whether it needs must rest on a foundation of theological dogma.

Dean Inge, in a recent article bearing on this controversy, got near the bone when he asserted the need for a religious (albeit an undenominational) basis for education on the ground that, if it were taken away, "the majority of the teachers, as they now are, would take the opportunity of preaching acrid Socialism." Dean Inge wants Christianity, of an undenominational rich-man-in-his-castle-poor-man-at-his-gate type, as a prophylactic against Socialism. So, less outspokenly, do many others. The struggle to preserve Church influence in education rests largely on the same motives as inspired the founders of the National Society in the years of ferment after the French Revolution. They want moral teaching to be based on doctrine, because they are afraid that moral teaching on any other basis will point irresistibly to a Socialist revival. That this is the underlying motive of the religionists should make us wary. It should, at any rate, warn us to have nothing to do with "compromises" which will in practice entrench the Churches firmly in the vitally important field of secondary education.

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A LONDON DIARY

PRECISELY four years ago, on January 1st, 1939, Brailsford and I made our way to the hall in the centre of Tunis where Daladier was to begin his appeal to the French Empire. He and his Government, you may remember, were stung into an appearance of activity by the cries of Italian students for "Tunis, Corsica and Nice." We heard the speech; Brailsford, I remember, said that Daladier looked like a man who had committed a murder. He made a patriotic French imperialist speech; it contained not a word to appeal to the bearded Beys who sat and ate with elephantine placidity around us, or to the younger Arabs who listened in to radios in every café in Tunis. To-day Corsica and Nice are in Italian hands, but perhaps not for long. Daladier, who at Riom seemed to have benefited by persecution, is now in the hands of the Germans, and Tunis is the battle area from which Frenchmen may yet invade Italy.

* * *

A few days later we were in the desert, bargaining for carpets in Khairouan, I remember the carpet-seller, and how his whole attitude changed when he learnt that we were interested in the Destour (Arab freedom) movement. It was no very violent or dangerous movement, but its leaders were in jail and the least that he and his friends had hoped from Daladier was for their release as part of a plan for rousing the Arabs to defend their country. But the French Government was content to talk about the French Empire. I doubt if the sympathies of the politically conscious Arabs (who were all anti-Fascist, as a result of watching Fascism in Libya), have even now been enlisted on the side of liberation. From Tunis a seaplane took me to Rome, where I saw the Umbrella arrive at the station and slowly promenade the platform with the Duce. British residents lined the platform and cheered.

* * *

It is long since any proposal for social change has so hit the target as the Beveridge Report. Approbation comes from unexpected quarters. A friend on the Stock Exchange tells me it is the one great topic of conversation; the markets are at a standstill anyhow, and since even smut is in short supply, social security stands at a premium. After all, they say, America's had a New Deal and Hitler's had a New Order; now Britain must have something or other novelty to offer. A young officer described to me its enthusiastic reception in his unit. I pointed out that there would probably be powerful vested interests to overcome. The big Insurance Societies were already behaving as short-sightedly as ever, attempting to save their own position even at the risk of defeating the last scheme which was likely to make possible a gradual change of our social order. He replied that two of the officers in his mess were insurance employees; they both took the view that the Beveridge scheme would end their pre-war jobs and finish up the big Insurance Societies, but that they would find State jobs instead. Why not? They were Government employees already and were quite prepared for a state of things in which they would work for the State instead of for private companies after the war.

* * *

My officer friend said another very interesting thing. He found that many officers, promoted from the ranks, proved very successful and among the best they had. That, he said, is if they really are promoted from the ranks, or at least have not already received more than one or two stripes. Corporals often made good officers; sergeants never or hardly ever. I cross-questioned him about this remarkable addition to the usual arguments pro and con "democracy in the army." The type of authority exercised by a sergeant, my friend said, is altogether different from that vested in an officer; in exchange for this type of authority (which is never really responsible since if things go wrong the officer, not the sergeant, must always take the blame), the sergeant receives a certain status and privileges. If he becomes an officer, he tends to think he is just a glorified sergeant, a bit more powerful and a bit more privileged. He tends not to understand that he is beginning again at the bottom of a different ladder with a quite different attitude towards the men and far more responsibility. He will no longer be under an obligation to carry out orders, as he was when a sergeant, but himself to give orders. All this about the two types of orders and authority is intelligible and even obvious when written down, but to me at least there was novelty in the categorical statement that once a man reached the proud elevation of sergeant he was unlikely to be capable of acquiring the new attitude involved in being a successful officer, while many men were capable of it if they had never been more than privates or corporals.

* * *

One of the many stories running round when Wendell Willkie got back from his world tour was about a toast said to have been proposed by Stalin at a banquet in Moscow. According to this account there was the usual long series of toasts, the climax coming when Stalin made a short speech in which he declared that a consignment of aeroplanes on their way from U.S.A. to Russia were taken off the boats by the British and diverted to their own use. The unfortunate British Ambassador, who was one of the few foreign guests present, was at a loss for a reply but, according to the story, Willkie, who in private seems to do the British good turns whatever interpretation is put upon his public utterances, defended Britain, pointing out that we had fought alone for two years, and saying that though frankness might be a good thing between the members of the United Nations, it was above all important not to let criticism divide them. Drew Pearson, one of the best-known American columnists, has now retold the story in the New York *Daily Mirror* (Dec. 10th). He declares that the new version, which differs very little from the one I have given above, is the inside story and he ends as follows: "Stalin was correct. First-class American planes were taken off Russian bound ship by British, but he did not know General Eisenhower, preparing for the African front and having no aero-cobras, went to Prime Minister Churchill and demanded planes. Churchill gave them to him reluctantly." In brief, it is now admitted that the planes were taken off by the American Command and not by the British.

* * *

It is good to hear that Governor Lehmann, who has been appointed as Director of American Relief and Rehabilitation is to visit this country. Maybe discussions will soon stimulate the actual creation of the World Relief Council instead of the unending discussions about the desirability of creating it. If "relief" merely meant the saving of life it would be important enough. But relief means much more; it may settle the future for Europe. There are now some organisations which are beginning to understand its wider significance; witness, for instance, the International Conference held under the auspices of the Fabian Society recently at Oxford. Representatives from a dozen European countries, including, significantly, Germany and Italy, heard papers from Professor Huxley, Mr. Arnold Forster, Dr. John Hammond, Professor Marrack, Dr. Aleck Bourne and Professor Laski on the problems of post-war relief and reconstruction. George Ridley, M.P., the vice-chairman of the Labour Party, opened the Conference. The time had come, everyone agreed, to give the work of relief a definite institutional framework and to train the necessary personnel in readiness for the period of stress and strain. It was particularly important to win the co-operation of the local peoples and making democratic institutions, above all the trade unions and the Co-operatives.

* * *

Long after this war is over, the news of Charles Roden Buxton's death will percolate through to remote villages in Bulgaria and on the Volga's banks, and their peasants will cross themselves in memory of his goodness. Two strains crossed in his ancestry. His mother came of Byron's family, while his father carried on the traditions of the Buxton who worked with Wilberforce and earned a place for himself in the Victorian *Book of Golden Deeds*. Quiet and sober to a fault, one of Nature's Quakers by temperament as by conviction, he had none the less a view of romance in his make-up, which gave him his interest in remote and exotic ways of life. After his first period of political activity as a Liberal, he served the Labour Party with a devotion that brought him, as so often in that party, little thanks and no recognition. He had what its leaders commonly lack, a minute knowledge of European affairs and a gift for languages. He would coach its speakers in the Commons and draft expert questions for them, while at International Conferences he would act as a really admirable interpreter of the speeches of foreign comrades. The tragedy of this war came near to breaking his spirit, but he still had it in him to do good work for the cause that was nearest to his heart, the reconciliation of nations which must some day learn to live in peace or perish.

* * *

It was a wicked attack of lumbago, and I found myself leaning far over on my right side as I stood. Seeing the arc which I had achieved, the doctor remarked severely that I really mustn't do that, the muscles would stick in the new position, and it would be a job to get them right again. Apparently this grim reminder of nurse's warning about the result of little boys pulling faces was not sufficient, for when I met a friend who is a Chinese poet he looked at me and said: "We have a traditional Beauty in Chinese history. She dates from the Tang period. She is always represented as leaning over in a curve, just like that. She is called the lady with the leaning waist. We say in my language as graceful as this Tang lady's curve." And some people pretend that there is no contrast between the manners of East and West!

* * *

My friend, John Armstrong, the painter, was moved to the following epitaph on Christmas Day:

To face both ways? If Hitler's a bad bet,
To find the State Department not aloof?
The credit side, whichever pays the debt?
But neither side, Darlan, is bullet-proof.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to B. Clarke.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

From the earliest days of Christianity, and long before it, profit of some kind has been the second chief end of man—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This very inquiry itself implies that, whether we ever reach it or not, profit is our ultimate goal. If we are not to have any profit what is the object of or incentive to our life and work?—Letter to *The Scotsman.*

"7. It is particularly requested that students will not engage in conversation with those of the opposite sex either in the College building or in the neighbourhood. *Infringement of this rule may lead to suspension, and in cases of repetition to expulsion.* Members of the same family may arrange to meet each other in the Waiting Room at the end of the day or at the lunch hour."—Extracts from current Regulations, Pitman's College, Southampton Row.

Perhaps your correspondent will explain how a person can be both anti-English and a Christian. —Letter in *Evening Dispatch*, Edinburgh.

FASCISM FOR THE HIGHLANDS

MR. TOM JOHNSTON stated on December 15th that he had ordered the publication of the report on hydro-electrification in Scotland, and that the Government would legislate to implement its proposals early next session. The Stationery Office instantly sold out its few examples of the report. As I was lucky enough to obtain the last copy, I am privileged to inform some British citizens of the purport of legislation which will have great and permanent effects, but of which the Government evidently would prefer them to remain in ignorance. The intention to rush the Bill through, before public opinion realises what is happening. is very natural; for the committee of five, headed by Lord Cooper, which drew up the report, and also it seems the Scottish Office, are staked on a new scheme to trap the waters of Glen Arkaig and Glen Affric to generate electric power. Since Parliament defeated two former schemes that blatantly consigned the resources of Scottish power to private interests, this new scheme is designed to beguile the innocent by the façade of a Public Board which would be no more than the instrument of the same private interests.

The setting is the North-Western Highlands, the most beautiful country of Northern Europe. It is wild beauty, of a mountainous, sea-indented, rainy desert. And the people are as poor as the country—and as beautiful, many of them—poor, proud, brave, intelligent. Out of Highland crofts come the finest soldiers in the world, and craftsmen as fine as any. A fine race, but desperately poor; sheep have driven out the cattle, and in many places deer have driven out the sheep. The landlords, often enough degenerate clan chieftains, evicted the people from the glens. They took to fishing, but have been squeezed out by the trawling firms. The Highlanders are driven to emigration to earn their bread; and while their skill enriches the countries to which they go, at home they are the dwindling remnant of a nation. Less than 300,000 of them are left in the five Highland counties, and only some 700,000 in the area north of the industrial belt.

Recently, the development of electricity has offered one economic resource to the Highlands. They have abundant water-power. But for large-scale production it requires much manipulation; the streams are short and vary from rushing rivers to mere trickles in the dry season. Water-power for big commercial enterprise in the Highlands means using lochs, or making them, for storage; and then a mass of tunnels and pipes and power-stations to trap the streams and create the current. The Grampian Company, in making the great power-stations at Rannoch and Tummel which feed the Grid, has terribly disfigured some of the finest Central Highland scenery. The storage lochs, first raised above their natural level and then drained, have a slimy stinking margin of drowned vegetation. The pylons necessitate a great swathe cut through the forests lest trees blow down on the cables. They are in themselves elegant pieces of ironmongery, but only a perverted taste can admire them striding over the shoulder of Schiehallion.

There are three reasons for preserving the beauty of the Highlands. First, it is one of the treasures of the unspoilt world. Secondly, the Highlands are the natural holiday-ground of Britain; of industrial Scotland in especial. Few would be found now to defend the "Sporting Interest" which the report justly brushes aside; a proportion of the shooters of grouse, stalkers of deer, and salmon-fishers have been inspired by past fashion and ostentation. But the hills and the lochs are increasingly used by the townspeople for their holidays. The young workers hike and camp there already. Some of the fishing hotels are good, but they are all expensive: there should be a series of simple cheap inns, and greatly cheapened transport, to throw this country open to the nation, and not in summer only. There is marvellous walking and fair snow-climbing in the Highland winter. The report sneers at the "tourist industry" because of the shortness of the summer season. The Swiss tourist industry made a prosperous country out of a poor one on a short season. Letting lodgings ought to be an auxiliary source of income for every croft, as it is in one or two districts already. Third and most important is the love of the Highlanders for their country. This is quite unlike the dim sentiment of the South. You have only to hear Highlanders singing, or to talk with them on the road, to know how conscious, articulate, vital to them is their adoration of their lovely land.

The Commission banishes this question of beauty—which it denigrates throughout with the name of "amenity," as if it were a public lavatory—to the fag-end of its report, where it produces a quantity of mutually inconsistent arguments; as that hydro-electric works do not spoil the country but improve it; that if they do, what is a lochside anyhow, that may be bared in a droughty summer? that the glens to be dammed are remote and nobody goes there (this is untrue; Glen Affric is a place of pilgrimage for motor tourists and yet more for walkers); that Switzerland can construct unobtrusive power stations (and so it can, for the snow-fed streams render elaborate storage works unnecessary); that an Amenity Commission will do as well for the North-West as Lord Hamilton of Dalzell has done for the Central Highlands. It would give me a good deal of pleasure to take the man who penned that thought to the shore of Laggan and hold his nose under the slime until he thought again. In sum, the Commission is quite unable to allay the concern of those who care for the heritage of Highland beauty. The final argument and the only one commanding credence is that the scenery must be sacrificed to the future prosperity of the native Highlanders.

This is where the plan of the Commission falls to be considered. They consider that electro-chemical and electro-metallurgical industries should be developed in the Highlands, with power drawn from the upper waters of Loch Linnhe and its affluents, and from Glen Affric and Glen Cannich. The great works they foresee would be economic because they could sell their surplus power to the Grid. They would offer cheap power to enterprises producing calcium carbide, ferro-alloys, and graphite electrodes. These factories would create two new towns; one at the South end of the Caledonian Canal, and one at the base of the Cromarty Firth, which the Commission implies would also make a port for a naval base. A modern industrial region, they say, need not be hideous or unhealthy; the principles of town-planning would rule its construction. It would provide work and prosperity for all the Highlands, and would diffuse wealth throughout the North.

Now this plan differs in one most important respect from its forerunners. The electricity development is to be undertaken by a public corporation, allied to, but not identified with, the Electricity Commission. It is to be run as a money-making concern, but its profits, which should be large, are to be devoted to the interests of its consumers, including various private electricity companies. So far, so good. All socialists will agree that the natural resources of a country should be developed for the benefit of its people. But here the public nature of the plan seems to reach an abrupt term. The industry based on the power is not to be nationalised, even in the case of calcium carbide, which is quoted as a munition of war. It is clear that the plan has been formed in concert with the promoters of the former schemes, whose motives were purely commercial; the Government therefore would be investing large sums to further private company profit. When Big Business gets Government credit and keeps the control itself we call it Fascism. If the nation needs calcium carbide, why does it not make it in a competent Government factory, and cut out the middleman? It may be noted that the Commission does not mention the fact that the district of Lochaber, which is indicated for the carbide town, is in the zone of sixty to eighty inches a year of rain, and that the wall-like sides of the Great Glen hold its base in almost perpetual shadow. A more relaxing climate, and a more depressing site for a town it would be hard to find in these islands. The city to be set at Beauly or thereabouts would on the contrary have a good climate; such are the variations of mountain rainfall. But why not develop Inverness, near by? If further evidence be needed to show the Fascist spirit of the report, the following instances will serve. The Commission gives a list of persons and bodies which it heard in evidence. It has some queer omissions; neither Cameron of Locheil nor Lovat-Fraser is there to speak for their clans, whose land is to be ruined. They are serving, it is true; but there is the post; or many local men and women could have spoken for them. The Commission also does not say which witnesses put forward the different views it discusses, and one is bound to surmise that the engineers and commercial bodies were the protagonists of the plan, and that the disinterested witnesses like the Association for the Preservation of Rural Scotland and the Highland Development League formed the opposition. But for the pure milk of Fascism will you beat this?

> Once Parliament has determined that a series of schemes should be carried into execution . . . it appears to us that the vested interests, whether of property owners or of the coal industry or of the unofficial organisations which have been in the habit of intervening in such proceedings, should no longer be permitted to oppose the policy or to delay or add to the expense of its execution.

The new Board is therefore to be empowered in perpetuity, and without any public or democratic check, to use public money to do anything to the Highlands which it thinks fit; and the composition of the Board ensures that it will always take the money-making view.

What damns this scheme, as it stands, is its attitude to the supply of electricity to local industry and to the people for their houses. The Commission gives no serious consideration to the alternative plans for local industry; indeed justice is the last thing to seek in its report. It treats with scorn the proposals for fish-canning, dairying, weaving, forestry, furniture-making (and why should we get chairs from Finland, when we have skill, wood, and a fine tradition in Scotland?). All these could be worked with small local power-stations. But it seems that the friends of the Commission do not want any competition for the labour for their factories; the people are to be drained to the Great Glen. It does suggest setting up one experimental local scheme. And the report says three times, that the people are not to get electric light out of the profits of exploiting their natural resources.

> It is in our view plain that the general provision of electricity to crofters or fishing hamlets throughout the Highlands for domestic and small power use is quite impracticable, the costs of transmission and distribution being prohibitive in relation to so small a demand.

It seems almost incredible that a responsible body such as the Commission do not realise that the export of electricity with no light for the country-folk (except in some towns at a very expensive rate), is a serious grievance. Almost as strange is the mid-nineteenth century date of the economics of the Commissioners. They can envisage no industry save large-scale production based upon private profit, nor imagine any advantage going to the people which it does not pay some company to produce. Here in the Highlands is the chance to begin a new-model industry, in which Government investment in electric works, in the construction of good housing, and in co-operative industry would be economic. There is no reason why factories belonging to the state should not hire the same technical and managerial skill as that of the private firms. The need of the Highlanders for employment and better living standards is acute; but the Fascist system of putting public money and work behind Big Business is not the way to set about it.

FREDA WHITE

SILVER LINING

DURING a recent spell of mild, sunny weather, it was interesting to listen to the comments of one's neighbours. Or perhaps I should say the comment, for every one I met said more or less the same thing. "Lovely day, isn't it?" said the inn-keeper; "I expect we shall pay for this later." "Marvellous weather for the time of year," said the railway porter; "I expect we shall pay for this later." "It's more like spring than winter," said the farmer. "I don't like to see the grass growing in December. We're sure to have to pay for this later."

Thus, in what might be described as a December abloom with roses, did the mass of Englishmen greet their good fortune. I could not help wondering how it is that Englishmen, who bear adversity so well, receive such a blessing as unexpected fine weather so ungraciously. How gloomy is their ancient proverb, "A green Christmas means a full churchyard." This proverb, it is said in mitigation, was originally put about when Christmas Day fell in a part of the year that is now January. Yet men go on repeating it in every December in which, at the approach of Christmas, England reveals herself as the green and pleasant land of the poet's dream. Most of us secretly prefer a green Christmas. Who, except a child or those grown-up children who go ski-ing and skating, would not? A white Christmas is ideal on a Christmas card, which does not communicate the cold it illustrates. But for practical purposes a fine temperate sunny day is the best kind of day in any season of the year.

The Englishman's suspicious attitude to good weather may be the result of a puritanical distrust of pleasure. He is a Stoic who is afraid of becoming soft under gentle skies, and who is temperamentally inclined, like Rabbi Ben Ezra, to—

> Welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough.

He becomes an optimist only when the frost is most numbing, saying: "This will do the ground good." The countryman, as he walks home under a thunder-plump which wets him to the skin, says: "This is just what we needed." A day of vile clouds gives him a chance to cheer himself with the unproved statement that "every cloud has a silver lining." I doubt whether he would like a rainbow so ungrudgingly as he does were it not for the fact rainbows appear on wet days. If rainbows appeared on days of blue and gold I suspect he would have found some reason for regarding them as omens of misfortune.

One of my friends maintains that the widespread reluctance to admit that good weather, whenever it occurs, is an entirely good thing is simply one manifestation of the common fear of good luck. How common this is is shown in the proverb "Lucky in cards, unlucky in love." I doubt whether there is any statistical evidence of the truth of this statement; but men seem always to have had an uneasy feeling that unusual good luck must have an attendant evil—that good fairies never arrive without a bad one in their midst—that every silver lining has a cloud. I know a man who in the days of peace was half afraid of winning a first prize in the Irish sweepstake. He could not believe that such a Niagara of good luck would not be followed by a drought of something even more important—if, as he used to say, there is anything more important—than money. He took the same superstitions with him to the racecourse. I have been with him there when he had backed a winner at thirty-three to one, and have noticed his clouded brow as his horse passed the post. "What's going to happen next?" he would say gloomily as the bookmaker handed him a wad of ill-gotten notes. On the other hand, if he backed a "dead cert" heavily and it lost, he became unnaturally cheerful. "I always say," he once confided to me, after losing not only his shirt but his vest and pants on an occasion of this kind, "that everybody has a certain amount of luck, and that, if you lose it in betting, you get it in something else." Yet he went on betting. He felt it was a risky business in more ways than one. But he was certainly what Englishmen call "a good loser."

In this respect he was, perhaps, a typical human being, for human beings seem always to have been afraid of the good fortune of becoming rich. We are brought up to believe that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God; and it is not only Christians who suspect that it is unlucky to be lucky with money. If you look up a dictionary of quotations you will find few reasons for a sensible man to desire to become rich. Seneca in his admirably named *Ad Polybium de Consolatione* declared: "A great fortune is great slavery," and elsewhere one of his characters says darkly: "Gilded ceilings disturb men's rest, and purple robes cause watchful nights. Oh, if the hearts of rich men were laid bare, what fears would be seen therein!" Lao-Tsze is equally dispirited in his attitude to good financial weather. "Great wealth," he declares, "implies great loss." "The greater your fortune," says some other ancient, of whom I had never heard till I consulted the dictionary, "the greater your cares." Cynics may reply to all this that, as most people who write well are comparatively poor, the comments of authors on riches need not be taken more seriously than the fox's comment on the grapes. Still, I always remember the story of the millionaire—a man married to the lovely woman of his choice—who said on his deathbed to a friend of mine: "Let me give you a bit of advice, Johnny. Never get rich. And never marry."

Good fortune is obviously, on the whole, depressing. We all strive for it, but we seem somehow not to like it. We are afraid even of beauty, and say that it is only skin deep. The things poets have written about beauty would, if women were logical, prevent any woman from ever going into a beauty parlour. For example:

> Too bright, too beautiful to last.

and:

> . . . What is beauty but a corse?
> What but fair sand-dust all earth's purest forms?
> Queens' bodies are but trunks to put on worms.

and:

> Beauty, thou pretty plaything, death, deceit!
> That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart.

Human beings, it seems, fear the gifts of the gods as though they were the gifts of the Greeks. They seem to have a notion that there is a compensating deity somewhere who will see to it that no gift is bestowed without an equalising loss. The dread of Nemesis—the great equaliser—is very old. It is because of it, probably, that parents in some parts of the world become miserable if their children are praised for their exceptional beauty. Italian peasants, we are told, regard it as unlucky to hear compliments about their children, unless the compliment is accompanied by a "God bless it" to avert bad luck.

I read recently a story about an eminent Chinese who, with the same fear of an all-ruling Nemesis, gave his daughters names meaning "Nothing Extraordinary," "Not so Literary," and "Not so Pretty." We should all like to boast, but we are afraid to boast. Some people felt gloomy when the church bells were rung the other Sunday. They felt that this was boastful, and that to feel happy even for a few minutes was unlucky. For happiness, too, we half-distrust. A charming girl told me the other day that, when she informed her mother that she was engaged to be married, her mother said to her: "I was singing this morning, and I knew from that that something awful was going to happen." There is no end to the evil omens human beings can invent when they are happy.

Human beings, indeed, seem to be able to look on the bright side of things when things are not bright; but they seem incapable of looking on the bright side of things when things are bright. That is why, during the recent spell of fine weather, Englishmen said to each other, half gloomily and half with relish: "We shall pay for this later." They have always been like this, apparently, and they always will be. More than a hundred years ago Sydney Smith—see the dictionary of quotations—wrote to a friend in December: "The weather is beautiful; but, as Noodle says (with his eyes beaming with delight), 'We shall suffer for this, sir, by-and-by!'"

Y. Y.

LES NEIGES D'ANTAN

Dites-moi où n'en quel pays
Sont nos ouvriers qu'on emmène
Comme des serfs chez les nazis
Pour y travailler à la chaine.
Où sont nos prisonniers qui trainent
Depuis Dieu sait combien de temps
Sous la tyrannie inhumanie.
Mais où est l'Amiral Darlan ?

Où sont nos frères et nos fils
Gisant en prison souterraine,
Ou bien sous les coups de fusils
Tombant chez nous chaque semaine
Otages tués par douzaines
Pour le plaisir des allemands
Sur le Rhin, la Loire ou la Seine,
Mais où est l'Amiral Darlan ?

Ceux qui luttèrent sans répit
Dans l'immensité africaine
Ou sur l'Océan infini
Contre la canaille romaine
Et la domination germaine
Ils n'ont pas ménagé leur sang
Tous ceux qui furent à la peine,
Mais où est l'Amiral Darlan ?

ENVOI

Prince, n'enquerrez de semaine
Où sont tous ces pauvres enfants
A la bravoure plus qu'humaine,
Mais où est l'Amiral Darlan ?

MAURICE VÉHEMME

CHRISTMAS SHOWS

PANTOMIMES are in the majority amongst Christmas productions this year, and not one of them shows any sign whatever of wartime restrictions. *Cinderella* is at the Stoll with a magnificent team headed by Fay Compton, looking every inch a Prince Charming. What a joy it is to see an accomplished actress playing this part, studying every word and gesture as though the character had been created by Shakespeare, and putting every bit of her personality into it. She sings sweetly and dances gracefully. The buffoonery of Nervo and Knox as the Ugly Sisters, and Naughton and Gold as the Broker's Men ("the things they think of!") brought squeals of delight from the rafters. They are well supported by Linda Carroll as Cinderella, Phyllis Hunter as Dandini and Ted Ray as a not too facetiously sentimental Buttons, not forgetting Penelope, the horse. She proves, with the pantomime donkey at the Coliseum, that "hind legs" is a fat part nowadays. The John Tiller girls are there, and although they are younger than their predecessors, they lack nothing in precision and uniformity.

In *Mother Goose* (Coliseum), the story of which is hardly recognisable as the old favourite of nursery days, there is very elaborate decor (the Dutch scene in particular is striking), much dancing, by more John Tiller girls, and a flying ballet. Here the principal boy is Patricia Burke, who plays the part in the conventional manner. Nevertheless she is exceedingly good, and has many competent artists in attendance. Norman Evans is again the very lusty Dame, while George Gee and Sylvia Kellaway supply lots of comedy. As padding there are individual turns in the music-hall manner, which must seem a little tedious to children who like to get on with the story.

Arthur Askey and Florence Desmond are once more playing in *Jack and Jill* (His Majesty's). Here the colours of decor and dresses at times come in for some applause of their own. Arthur Askey is in his usual form, and Florence Desmond sheds charm all the way. Her impersonations are particularly brilliant. Eddie Gray contributes his lugubrious and extremely skilful juggling. The plot based on four lines of nursery rhyme is thin, but it is sustained throughout.

There is nothing elaborate about Mr. Robert Atkins's production of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Westminster, which is played throughout before a curtain depicting a simple woodland scene, the only alteration being the use of red and purple hangings for the interior of the palace. Mr. Atkins has wisely let enjoyment accrue from the beauty of the fairies' poetry, the situations caused by the entanglements of the lovers and the comedy of the Athenian craftsmen. He has chosen Renée Ascherson to play Puck. She has good masculine gestures, but should learn not to gabble her words; much of the poetry of her lines is lost, though her acting is impressive. Mr. Atkins as Bottom sustained his part with his usual vigour, and his fellow workmen were all completely individual.

This year's Peter Pan at the Winter Garden is Ann Todd, and far from being the Boy who wouldn't grow up, she is grown up from the moment she flies in at the window. Her appearance is charming, but her portrayal of the part altogether too sophisticated and dramatic. Joyce Redman as Wendy, however, makes a happy, rosy-cheeked and excitable little girl. Alastair Sim, as last year, doubles the parts of Mr. Darling and Captain Hook; John Gilpin as Michael Darling shows throughout that he is thoroughly enjoying his part, and Iris Hoey combines elegance and motherliness as Mrs. Darling.

Boucicault's *The Streets of London* is the contribution to the season's entertainment made by the Orpheum, Golder's Green. This melodrama of the 1870's, very little revised for modern production, is most subtly burlesqued, a fact which some of the spectators did not realise. Appropriate songs of the period have been introduced, and the audience enjoyed the opportunity of joining in, but Mr. Geoffrey Dunn, as the flashing-eyed, black-whiskered villain, Gideon Bloodgood, does not give us the pleasure of hearing him sing. It is a pity that this delightfully polished artist of eighteenth-century song, uttered only maledictions and sinister threats. However, he carries off the part excellently. The rest of the cast appreciate the finer points of their parts and in true nineteenth-century fashion act with one eye on the audience.

Eleanor Robertson

THE MOVIES

"Derrière la Façade," at Studio One

"Squadron Leader X," at London Pavilion

"Seven Sweethearts," at the Regal

There is nothing very new or remarkable in the idea of *Derrière la Façade*. A murder in the lift of a large apartment house rips the frontage off a score of dramas and for the space of one night there are interruptions and revelations as the police go from door to door before laying hand on the murderer and setting out in the dawn. Grand hotels and Istanbul expresses, as well as humbler meeting places, have all served their turn as the crucible for this sort of story. *Derrière la Façade* has the slightest of plots and there is no pretence of laying clues or stimulating suspicions; instead of narrowing down, it expands and overflows in every direction, so that the police always have another door to knock on or a new telephone call to tap. The result is a series of brilliant novelettes, broken into, intertwined, thrown into a corner, involving every situation from gigolos under beds and card-sharpers on the game to mere infidelity, eccentricity and scandal. These revelations are made in the most light-hearted manner, as an excuse almost to give a turn to everyone in a magnificent cast (André Lefaur, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Michel Simon, Stroheim, etc., etc.), and no limit is set to the comic shamelessness and trickery of the human heart. A kleptomaniac has whisked the blood-stained knife into his collection of ash-trays, watches and knick-knacks, and even succeeds in pilfering from the police who question him, while he explains the machinery of his illness; an over-generous lady, deceiving her husband with an elderly lover, deceives the lover in turn with a young boy—and at that point, of course, comes the policeman's knock. These hair-raising incidents are threaded together by the detectives in charge, one puffy and fishlike and with a tender heart, the other a lean, sardonic, black rat. The film is full of character edged with caricature. It falls short of the highest crime level from Hollywood, and can't stand comparison with a *Maltese Falcon* or *Glass Key*; but one relishes particularly, after cops and sirens and bosses and tommy-guns, the ramshackle and homely cynicism of the Paris article. *Derrière la Façade* is preceded at Studio One by an a moving twenty-minute travel film of Athens, sponsored by the Greek Government.

Squadron Leader X is an exciting thriller about a Nazi air ace who comes to England in R.A.F. uniform. The fact that it *is* exciting should be enough, perhaps, and in this case the background of London has been meticulously reproduced. The R.A.F. and M.I.5 (new to thrillers) have co-operated. Eric Portman as the Nazi ace, Ann Dvorak as the old flame he attempts to blackmail, and Martin Miller as an endearing chef in the grip of the Gestapo, add more than the usual verisimilitude to excitement. There's nothing wrong with *Squadron Leader X*, but it is unmemorable. Thrills, surprises, suspense and a final death dive through the clouds—everything one could want, except atmosphere.

Little Holland in Michigan is the setting of the new Pasternak film *Seven Sweethearts*, but the gaiety is more Viennese. This tulip time might have been rather dreadful, but I enjoyed the brimming hotel-keeper (S. Z. Sackall) and his seven daughters, of whom Kathryn Grayson is the most appealing and sings very prettily. The hotel only takes in such guests as catch the fancy, all the girls have boys' names, and doves pirouette along the window-sill. Van Heflin, as the journalist hero, seems to me a snake who has shed one skin too many; I hope after this he will go back to sour cracks and headaches. However, for those who like dainties, here is a pre-war confection.

William Whitebait

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Arsenic and Old Lace," at the Strand.

The rumour ran round the Ivy like wild-fire—Miss Braithwaite had consented to appear as an American mass-murderess. The rumour was true, but those who expected a Diamond Lilian will be disappointed. Miss Braithwaite parks neither a tommy-gun nor a "corsage." She is just the sweetest gentlewoman who ever ruled a vicarage. And that indeed is the joke which the author prolongs, with wonderful ingenuity, through three whole acts. *Arsenic and Old Lace* is a prime specimen of the extravaganza and burlesque in which the Americans excel—a Runyon plot in a Mary Petty setting. Mr. Edmund Willard, in a Boris Karloff make-up, is an alarmingly homicidal lunatic, who seeks a hide-out in the home of his dear old aunts. He discovers that they have already buried a round dozen of their victims in the cellar. Imagine his jealousy, weigh his chagrin! If the fun occasionally flags the general effect is riotous. Nor could the performance be better. Over-acting would wreck everything, but both Miss Braithwaite and Miss Mary Jerrold (as her squirrelish sister) avoid every temptation to guy or to put their lines too obviously across. Mr. Martin Miller, as a criminal surgeon, carries entire conviction, and Mr. Naunton Wayne has the most difficult job, for his part is straight. He, too, is quite remarkable. The supporting cast is efficient, and Mr. Marcel Varnel is to be congratulated on the whole production. He has made a winner out of a farce that in less tactful hands would be insufferable.

British Landscapes in Oils—from George II to Queen Victoria. C.E.M.A. Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum

At the V. and A. you can see a number of beautiful pictures by Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, Constable, Cotman and Crome. A still larger number of pictures you cannot see, at any rate if you go in the middle of the day. (Possibly they become visible when the lights are turned on.) Large sections of the museum are open, so there seems no excuse for this silly arrangement, which can only encourage the legend that museum officials regard the public as a nuisance. In an interesting foreword to the catalogue Mr. Ralph Edwards explains that emphasis in the show is upon the less well known painters, but it is precisely these whose works have been most successfully made invisible. C.E.M.A. is to be congratulated on organising a retrospective exhibition of this type. It is going on tour, and we greatly look forward to an opportunity of seeing the pictures.

Correspondence

HORROR IN POLAND

Sir,—While the Church-bells ring, and while last week's reports about the fate of millions of human beings in Poland are already forgotten, may I ask to open your columns for this appeal? I am the daughter of one of those who "have been taken away and never again heard of."

My former work in Germany has acquainted me thoroughly with the question of how the emigration organisations managed to organise "emigration at all." The speed has, even in so-called peace-times, always been deplorable, and we know only too well why. But it's not for me to throw here, once again, faint curses at the capitalistic system. I want your help. In wartime there is very little or no hope at all that Jewish children from Europe will be saved. It's all well and good, funds, efforts, speeches—there will be one child in a hundred saved, if really one. And if the Chief Rabbi would work himself to death, he can do as much as nothing. Therefore, let's try to organise now what in future can and must be done. Already the Allied Governments are busy making plans to supply occupied countries with the necessities of life, when war is over. I think, we German and Austrian "enemy refugees," we Jews and Jewesses, who have escaped the unsayable, have a right to claim that we shall be given opportunity to dash at the moment of Armistice into Poland in order to bring relief to our brothers still bleeding and breathing, and to collect and bury the remains of our parents. This at least can be granted to human beings, even if they were (in general) denied the right to render these "active service" in war. I suggest that under the Red Cross scheme a "Free Corps of German and Austrian Jewish Refugees" should be formed now and trained and equipped for the day to come. And let us younger ones have the initiative!

N. L.

Sir,—The suggestion that the remote possibility should be explored of securing Jewish migration from Poland into Sweden has not impressed the Government as practicable. Yet, can we rest satisfied that every strenuous effort has been made to promote the co-operation of the Vatican and neutral governments together with a guarantee of food from the United Nations? Our reactions of horror and pity become directed into futile hatred unless transmitted into action that may save some of the victims. It is, indeed, easier to condemn the persecution than assist the persecuted, and in the past there has been an incommensurate relationship between the two.

Fear of anti-semitism has been as restrictive of compassionate activity as anti-semitism itself and requires both tactful and courageous handling. In undertaking this, imaginative expansion of tragic fact is a positive disservice.

Unfortunately, Jewry has had much bitter experience of maltreatment in Poland and full appreciation of this offence against humanity should surely impel avoidance of all forms of racial hatred and a demonstration of deep conviction in the acceptance of immediate positive service as predominant over future negative retribution.

Reginald Sorensen

38 Woodside Park Avenue, E.17.

Sir,—If Mr. Hannen Swaffer had quoted a few more sentences from the manuscript of my sermon on the Jewish Day of Mourning, your correspondent might not have written his letter in your issue of December 26th.

After telling how, on July 27th last, infants were snatched from their mothers' arms and kicked to death as footballs, I continued:

> "Unbelievable!" you shudderingly exclaim. Well, your unbelief merely proves the astuteness of these monsters of iniquity who deliberately commit such unheard-of crimes that people should not believe the story when told them. As Cardinal Hinsley broadcast that same month, "We did not think that humanity *could* sink so low as to revel in sadism, and wallow in deeds of slaughter."

The Report of the Inter-Allied Governments on Hitler's extermination of the Jews tells that only 1,000 of the Yugoslav Jews have remained alive;

l it concludes with the words: "The details of bestial cruelties and sadism by which the other ooo were slaughtered, achieve a degree of horror ich numbs the mind." Furthermore, in the nes of December 22nd, Major-General Sir Neill lcolm, the former High Commissioner for German fugees, declared:

"In February of this year, Hitler announced hat 'the Jew will be exterminated'; and in July, Himmler, speaking for his master, added the words, 'Jews are to die in torture.'"

And they are thus dying, old and young, without ception. Mr. Wickham Steed's recent broadcast *he Listener*, December 24th) repeated, as a plain tement of fact, that Jewish children are crammed efoot into cattle trucks, with quicklime on the or, and left locked in for days, without food or ink, to die in tortured starvation. Much more rciful was the fate of the children in the wholesale ssacres that followed upon the capture of any of Polish and Russian cities by the Germans. Whereas Jewish men and women of the district were chine-gunned into open trenches which they emselves had been made to dig, their little children re thrown in alive and buried with them.

In the light of all this, the using of infants as tballs is but another instance of Nazi ghoulishness. is an account by an eye-witness, and has been ported throughout the Soviet press. I see no son to doubt its accuracy. Would to God it ld be dismissed as a nonsensical "fabrication."

Office of the Chief Rabbi, J. H. Hertz,
4 Creechurch Place, Aldgate. Chief Rabbi

[We need no convincing of the truth of the horror w being perpetrated in Poland. We expressed ubts about the particular "football" instance, not cause it was peculiarly horrible, but because it unded, and still sounds to us, intrinsically unlikely. Ed., N.S. & N.]

Sir,—Not only is Hannen Swaffer's "atrocity" ry in itself an atrocity and will be disbelieved by st sane people, but it has not even the merit of ing new. An experienced journalist should avoid e re-hashing of old stories. The same "football-ith-babies" story was used in the First World War. he place then was German West Africa and the ctims were native women and their black babies.

I write with authority on atrocities having person-ly been the victim of them. I was a prisoner of war r two years and suffered under the "retaliation" heme behind the German lines in France and landers in 1917–18. I spent two weeks in the in-scribable horror at Fort Macdonald, Lille, and dured long weary months of misery and starvation.

Let me say that I have witnessed and experienced shocking deeds of callousness and spite, and also many more instances of genuine human kindliness, sympathy and brotherhood on the part of the German armed forces, high and low. I have witnessed and experienced meanness and cruelty at the hands of the French and, behind the German lines, I have enjoyed the sight of sublime human courage, been inspired by the heroic example of fellow sufferers, and have seen French men and women run appalling risks to provide me with comfort and food.

In this more enlightened age it is disgusting to permit responsible and influential people to spread the poison of falsehood and to cover a whole people with the slime of a few over-zealous propagandists. Rabbie Burns had *no* particular nation in mind when he wrote: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

G. F. Green

THE BEVERIDGE REPORT

Sir,—Your article under this title renders slight service to the cause you advocate, and, in so far as it gives the impression that higher wages and social security can be achieved solely by *ad hoc* legislation, a great disservice to post-war contentment.

One of the greatest problems after the war will be how are imports of food and essential raw materials to be paid for. With the loss of all our overseas investments, and indeed, with a considerable foreign debt, our only source of foreign exchange will be our exports. In the export market we shall have all the old and many new competitors, among them our own Dominions which the war has forced to industrialise. You would not, I think, advocate that we met this competition with either of those two-edged weapons subsidies or inflation. It follows, therefore, that our exports must be offered as, or more, cheaply than any others. But all legislation to improve social conditions are adding to production costs, and while insuring the absence of starvation on account of poverty invite it by increasing the difficulty of providing the necessary food.

We are all agreed on the desirability of the policy you advocate, but by stressing the facile and demagogic implications of that policy and refusing to contemplate the more difficult and less popular aspects of it, not only is the policy itself jeopardised, but the way is laid open to that bitter disillusionment that followed the last war. Unquestionably legislation on the lines of the Beveridge Report must be passed, that surely has been accepted by all parties. Now the time has come to devote equal thought and discussion on how the problems inherent in such legislation can be overcome.

W. L. Blake

Sir,—I submit the following in reply to Mr. Scarr's challenge to his so-called reactionaries. I fear, however, that it may embarrass your readers to be given another point of view.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Mr. Scarr,
Floating gently as you are,
On the many vapours high
Of the Socialistic sky.

Sir Bill will bribe you from the womb,
And give you an expensive tomb,
And (can you hear me through the murk?)
He'll let you condescend to work.

So, ride your red-herring in Bunbury Cross
The world will be bankrupt, but that's not your loss.
With rings on your fingers, and one through your nose,
Sir William will guide you wherever he goes.

J. C.

Sir,—Critic handled Sir James Grigg with urbanity more temperate than need be. The Beveridge Report was strenuously exploited by the B.B.C., presumably with the Foreign Secretary's approval, in order to convince its European audiences that we are fighting in the democratic camp for a New Order more solid and genuine than that offered by Fascism. The political bosses of the War Office forbid circulation within the Army of a summary of the Report. Are we to suppose—what else?—that the carrot is "for export only" and must not be allowed to excite a domestic donkey whose appetite might outlast the war? Sir James gave Goebbels a handsome present.

Ex-Civilian

UNPROMISED ISLAND

Sir,—May I invite Mr. Cranston and your readers to compare his article in your issue of November 21st, 1942, with his letter last week, and see how far he has travelled? The joyful happiness has vanished from the Unpromised Island after he has spoken to an informed and reliable ex-internee. Mr. Cranston's admissions are significant: after two years "the provisions for family life are still unsatisfactory"; "during the first eighteen months husbands and wives met only for three hours a week, and this *al fresco*"; European women are housed in the tropics in huts made "of corrugated iron"; the food is deficient in Vitamin B; etc. Mr. Cranston now falls back on the argument that "no internment can be *good*." But was the internment of these people fleeing from Hitler's most atrocious persecutions either necessary or legally justified? More will have to be said some day on this count, as also about certain

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JONATHAN CAPE

incidents at Athlit on December 9th, 1940, at Haifa before the embarkation, and on the boats which brought the refugees to Mauritius. But this does not enter directly into our present argument, which seems to result in agreement between Mr. Cranston and myself: that the request of the internees for the freeing of all who are reliable is "eminently reasonable," and that the "release of Mauritius internees, already begun, should be accelerated." I therefore hope that Mr. Cranston, and you, Sir, who have given so much space to our correspondence, will in future support endeavours to liquidate the Mauritius affair. L. B. NAMIER

15, Gloucester Walk, W.8.

"REGULATION 33B"

SIR,—I write to correct certain impressions which readers may have received from your paragraph on Regulation 33B.

Regulation 33B does not exclude "all cases under private treatment" nor, indeed, any cases under private treatment. The misconception probably arises from the term "special practitioner"; this does not only mean medical officers in charge of civilian clinics, medical officers in the Forces and specialists; it includes any medical practitioner who, on application to the Ministry of Health, is recognised by the Ministry as being competent and qualified to treat venereal diseases.

With regard to clearance certificates he or she (not only she) i.e. the contact, does not retain possession of this, but if found free from infection, the medical practitioner must forward it to the Medical Officer of Health by whom the notice to attend for examination was sent; if found suffering from venereal disease he or she must submit to treatment until a clearance certificate has been furnished "*by the contact* to the Medical Officer of Health for the county or county borough in which the contact resides."

You state "this measure is aimed at rounding up certain prostitutes," and later, "clearly it is not aimed at men," and you give the impression that only men and prostitutes suffer from venereal disease.

Let me tell you two true stories:—

(1) Ten servicemen infected with syphilis from one "amateur" prostitute; of those ten men five infected their wives. Had 33B been in force, how many of the fifteen guilty and innocent might have been spared to say nothing of the unborn children who may be affected?

(2) Young married woman with acute secondary syphilis attended a clinic; four days later a second woman came for examination saying she had had intercourse with her friend's husband; the "friend" was the first patient. If the second patient, as is probable, develops syphilis, the man will be the person notified under 33B.

These are not pretty stories, but they can be reproduced in essentials by any venereologist. We do not say because the majority of black market racketeers are men that all the laws against profiteering and black marketing are aimed against men. We all realise that the majority of "contacts" will be women; that does not make the measure aimed at women.

Some months ago the Medical Society for the Study of Venereal Diseases unanimously advocated the adoption of more measures to deal with irresponsibles and defaulters from treatment. This society consists of medical men and women who work and have worked in clinics for venereal diseases; many of them had practical experience of the frightful legacy of the last war; all of them appreciate the significance of the rapid increase in incidence, particularly of syphilis, in this war. I think all realise that any measures taken would necessarily be Emergency Measures.

The only real solution to the problems lies in education—a modest estimate of the time it would take is a generation. The Association for Moral and Social Hygiene wants this change of heart now; Dr. Summerskill wants, I understand, notification of all cases of venereal disease. What is needed is diminution in the incidence of venereal disease in our time without the extra personnel and labour involved in wholesale notification.

33B *is* emergency legislation, but as I see it, it has been brought forward to safeguard public health and to conserve the health and efficiency of our fighting forces and of industry.

With regard to bribery and blackmail is there any law devised by human beings that cannot be circumvented or abused by vicious human ingenuity? 33B is no exception, but neither does it offer any more facilities for bribery and blackmail than many other measures.

I think most of us with experience of the medical and social problems welcome 33B as a step in the right direction. Many would like to see it supplemented by a clean up of brothels, pimps and procurers. The prostitutes are often the results of circumstances beyond their enfeebled control; those who batten on them, from the wealthy "furnished flat" owner to the bully who lives on the earnings of a prostitute, are anti-social and vicious, and their careers should be terminated as speedily and as ruthlessly as possible.

MARY MICHAEL SHAW

10 Harley Street,
London, W.1.

FLATS OR HOUSES

SIR,—The letter from "Mass-Observation" your issue of December 19th, 1942, is important, b by itself inconclusive. It would be interesting know which are the blocks of flats in question, a also what is the average number of rooms per fla whether there are any arrangements for looking aft children during the absence of parents; wheth there is a fair-sized garden, or a playground away fro traffic. Also, how many storeys are there in each bloc and are lifts provided? Finally (among many oth questions which suggest themselves), is the soun insulation between each flat adequate?

Recent advances in building technique have ma most blocks of flats out of date and irrelevant to t general question at issue. SEBASTIAN STAFFORD

TRANSPORT FOR THE CITIZEN

SIR,—Your comments on the piecemeal control transport carried out half-heartedly prompts me give you the following recent example of how it working in practice.

For reasons of work a family in Yorkshire have move their home to the London district. An estima for the removal is given by the premier firm in t district. The price is high, £8 higher than the sa removal northwards cost at the end of the Lond blitz period when prices were already shooting u But though the price is high this family consol itself with the reflection that the job will be done w by a first-class firm.

But they are wrong, for the Ministry of Transp steps in. It decrees, what only a fifth-columni would object to, that to conserve petrol a long-distan removal must be made by railway, providing the ra way can do it in the time. In this case it was decid by the Transport Ministry that the railway can a must do the job.

They do it. The stipulation that it must be do in the same time as the road firm is not adhered The family, with a babe in arms, arrives in Lond and are stranded without furniture and have to cra hospitality like refugees, till the furniture arrive When it arrives it is found to have been treated something like an unsuccessful scorched earth poli and the family's books and small items have apparent been in a concrete mixer. Their possessions, whi passed through the Nazi bombings unscathed, fa a victim to the railway removers. *On top of that t railway charges £6 more still than the top-price ro firm asked*!

Question: Aren't the railways getting enou public money during these years that the Ministry Transport should bind the hands of poor people whi the railways rifle their pockets? GORE GRAHAM

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

AUBERT'S reputation as an æsthete for whom problems of style alone mattered might gest turning to his *Letters* for escape from the occupations of a world at war and a Europe in os, The hermit of Croisset is known nowa- mainly for his obsession with the faithful dering of thoughts and sensations, of moods manners; the pages of his correspondence Louise Colet abound with discussions on e, with tales (perhaps exaggerated for the pose of safeguarding his independence from clinging blue-stocking) of his struggles with subject matter. These discussions have tended obscure the vigorous crispness of his intellect, robust common sense of his judgments on other jects. Steeped in Montaigne and Voltaire, a acious and systematic reader of philosophy, tory and science, not only did he endeavour ays to relate his reading to actual experience; looked at his contemporaries with a sense of man perspective which is a delight and often a on. Those of his letters written during the of 1870–1871 and during the political crises ich followed, now make strangely actual ding. If they do not demolish, they certainly rect the legend of the hermit addicted to gies of style," of the æsthete whose interests irrelevant to everyday life; indeed, in the t of his steady realism, some of to-day's blems appear less mountainous.

What a book the author of *L'Education Senti- tale* might have written on the Franco-German r and the French Seventies, had he lived to w them in retrospect as he did the Revolution 1848! This sworn enemy of all human pidity saw it at work immediately after Sedan, en "ready-made sentences" such as "France l rise again. Why despair? This is a salutary nishment, etc.", were served up to "console masses," as they were to be served up later the defeatists of 1940. Such "eternal humbug" kens Flaubert. He fears that France will be aid waste, completely wrecked. And what l happen next? What a future! We shall not k sophists to demonstrate that 'misfortune rifies.' No! Misfortune is making men fish, wicked and stupid—that was inevitable; is a law of history."

Not that he for one moment questions France's urgence:

> I have read letters from soldiers which are models. It is impossible to destroy a country in which such things are written. The old jade, France, has still spirit enough to get herself on to her legs again.

t he is worried by his compatriots' haste to ange their political institutions at the first litary defeat:

> Austria did not start a revolution after Sadowa, nor Italy after Novara, nor Russia after Sebastopol! But our good Frenchmen hasten to pull down their house as soon as the chimney catches fire.

favours the maintenance of the political status o, not out of love for any particular form of vernment, but for fear of the reaction which vitably follows every upheaval. In March, 71, the excesses of the Commune led him to r "a strong clerical and monarchist reaction." s humanitarian condemnation of the Paris volutionaries goes hand in hand with a patriotic ling that France for the moment has only one emy. "Those wretches," he says of the mmunards, "divert hatred. People are for- tting the Prussians. A little more and they will rt to love them. We shall be spared no shame." he next day he notes that "many conservatives ho, for love of order, wanted to preserve the public, now almost regret the inglorious apoleon—Badinguet, as Flaubert always calls m—and in their hearts call the Prussians to the scue." He sees France tossed for some time to me between the clerical and reactionary Société de Saint Vincent de Paul" and the International":

> But the latter makes too many mistakes to have a long life; supposing it beats the Versailles troops and upsets the Government, the Prussians will enter Paris and "order will reign in Warsaw." If, on the other hand, it is defeated, there will be a wild reaction, and all freedom will be strangled.

He keeps a detached mind before the inconsistencies of his contemporaries, but his belief in mankind is not weakened by the sight of men's ineptitude:

> We are suffering from one thing only—stupidity. But it is formidable and universal. When people talk about the besotted plebs they say something unjust and incomplete. Conclusion: we must enlighten the enlightened classes. Begin with the head, that is the part which is sickest, and the rest will follow.

Indeed he has seen, in 1870, the bourgeois of Rouen who at first refused to defend their city, later on decide to do so out of fear: "since they know that one can expect no pity from the Prussians, who will not make peace, the most timid have resigned themselves now to fighting to the bitter end." And these are the very people who, a few weeks earlier, were cheerfully talking of "plundering Baden," and would have knocked out anyone "who ventured to talk of peace." For Flaubert, one word—stupidity—sums up these inconsistencies. Is he very far from the truth? To a friend who suggests he might be, he quotes Voltaire: "You are severe," says Candide. "Because I have lived," says Martin.

And because he has "lived" Flaubert has more political sense than would be admitted by those who relegate him to pure æstheticism. He sees in politics a matter of practice and of science, not of passion or of doctrine. "If only one could get used to what exists," he exclaims in May, 1871, "that is to say, if one could live without a principle, without humbug, without a formula! This is, I think, the first occasion in history when such a thing seems possible. Is it the beginning of positivism in politics? Let us hope so." And some months later: "For France to rise again she must go over from inspiration to science, she must abandon metaphysics and enter an age of criticism, that is to say the examination of things as they are" (September, 1871). "So many crimes have been committed by ideals in politics that for a long time to come we shall have to confine ourselves simply to the management of the commonwealth."

This enemy of stupidity hates the mass—by which he means not the poor but the obtuse. He rejects the word "democracy" because of its constant misuse: "The whole dream of democracy," he writes, "is to raise the proletarian to the level of stupidity of the bourgeois." But he has understood the principle of all true democracy:

> What we want above all is a natural, that is to say, a legitimate aristocracy. Nothing can be done without a head, and universal suffrage, as it exists to-day, is even more stupid than divine right. The mass—numbers—are always idiotic. I hold few beliefs, but this is one I hold strongly. Yet we must respect the mass, however inept, because it contains germs of incalculable fecundity. Give it freedom, but not power. . . . I think the poor hate the rich and the rich are afraid of the poor. It will be so eternally. To preach love to either is futile. The more urgent task is to instruct the rich, for, after all, they are the stronger. Enlighten the bourgeois first, for he knows nothing, absolutely nothing.

He looks beyond parties to true human values: "Why do parties always consider themselves bound to the scoundrels who exploit them?" he asks. "Because all parties are execrable, stupid, unjust and blind." Taine, who out of partisan spirit detracted from the greatness of the French Revolution in his *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, seems to him "gullible" and "slightly ridiculous":

> He does not tell lies but he does not tell the whole truth, which is one way of lying. The violent fear of losing his investments which he experienced during 'our disasters,' has slightly obliterated his critical faculty. It is not enough to have intelligence Whether you like it or not, if you lack character your works of art will always be mediocre honesty is the first condition of æsthetics.

After the great national crisis of 1870–1871 Flaubert rarely discusses political events in his letters. But MacMahon's attempt to set up a reactionary dictatorship in the name of "Moral Order" provokes a few savoury reflections on the old Marshal, whom he dubs ironically "the Bayard of modern times." In a few vivid, indignant pages, he conjures up the inglorious folly of this feeble experiment in enforced hero worship:

> How do you like our Bayard's southern tour? How grotesque! And what a frost! This warrior made illustrious by his gigantic defeat as others are by victory! How ludicrous it all is! In Paris I found the moderates in a rage: the moral order is indeed reaching the heights of stupidity. The Gambetta trial, for instance. At Le Havre they have banned a lecture on geology! And at Dieppe one on Rabelais!

His own anger mounts at the thought of such "hindrances to thought"; he is "stupefied" by their "profound uselessness." But he consoles himself at the thought that the history of those days "will make amusing reading later on." "Stupidity is a natural attribute of power," he comments philosophically: "all those who consider themselves to be above the human level fall below it." That is why, compared with MacMahon's false glory, "old father Thiers," that frock-coated embodiment of political common sense, appears to him "a giant":

> He had one rare virtue—patriotism. Nobody else has epitomised France as he did. Hence the immense effect of his death.

The sad buffoonery of the "moral order" leads him to fear that the era of positivism in politics is not yet to begin: when MacMahon begs a nonentity to save his face by forming a ministry, Flaubert hopes that this will be "our last saviour," after whom

> We shall see no new Messiah, we shall at last have no hope left! Then the scientific era will begin. But how far off it still is! Since we have not yet done with incarnations, representations, symbols, and the shallowest of metaphysics!

He is delighted when, as a contrast with the frozen pose of MacMahon, in whom he sees a mixture of "Charles X and Macbeth," he meets Gambetta. "What I like about him is that he does not fall for any cliché, and I believe he is human." The handing over of the supreme political powers by Marshal MacMahon to a new president, Jules Grévy, in 1879, strikes him as "full of grandeur." He sees in this innovation "a considerable event and one quite new in the history of France. Moreover, at long last we are rid of these military gentlemen, who know all about everything except waging war."

No, Flaubert was no æsthete in the decadent sense: in life as in art, his outlook was governed by his passion for truth, his high regard for the restraint the human mind imposes on itself in the observation of things as they are. His hatred for ready-made ideas, for all that is merely conventional, leads to his condemnation of political fetishes and picture-postcard figureheads; to his dislike of obscure metaphysical theories of politics which we to-day call "ideologies." Humanity is, for him, a statesman's supreme quality. His letters are no mirage for the escapist: they provide a refreshing oasis away from the hot sandstorm of propagandas which invoke high moral principles to disguise the failures of men who cannot face things as they are, but try vainly to hoist themselves above the human plane.

JEROME JENATTON

LAMENT FOR A SAILOR

HERE, where the night is clear as sea-water
And stones are white and the sticks are spars,
Swims on a windless, mackerel tide
The dolphin moon in a shoal of stars.

Here, in the limbo, where moths are spinners
And clouds like hulls drift overhead,
Move we must for our colder comfort,
I the living and you the dead.

Each on our way, my ghost, my grayling,
You to the water, the land for me;
I am the fat-knuckled, noisy diver
But you are the quietest fish in the sea.

PAUL DEHN

SPANISH POST-MORTEM

Spain. By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA. *Jonathan Cape.* 25*s.*

Revised in exile and in bitter sorrow, this book is a new edition of that electric and discursive study of Spanish character and political problems which Señor Madariaga published in 1930. It now includes a very substantial and intensely controversial section on the Spanish civil war. This amounts to a frontal attack upon most of the policies of the Spanish Left since the rise of the Republic, and especially on the resistance to the Franco rising, the arming of the people and their conduct of the attempted revolution. Largo Caballero, del Vayo and Negrin are especially attacked either as doctrinaires, or as agents of Comintern policy; and if one dropped on this section of the book without knowing Señor Madariaga's liberal opinions, one might well suppose him to be a supporter of Franco. So, for all practical purposes, he was—by default. Here he reveals, in defending himself, a fatal weakness in Spanish society and a fatal cause of violence, when he says that, like other men on the Left, he simply did not know the people on the Right to speak to; whereas the leaders of the Left whom he criticises with the detached irony of the diplomatic service, were, many of them, his life-long friends. Señor Madariaga's position is a paradoxical one: he holds that it is always the Left that destroys the Left in Spain. He justifies the severity of his criticisms on the grounds that he knows the Left best, and that out of the Left must come the future.

Here, before one goes any farther, it is as well to define Señor Madariaga's own background. He writes as a European, and as a practising European which hardly any Spaniard is. His Europeanism is not the Nice and Biarritz variety which engaged the more comfortable classes on their long holidays, but the humanistic and scientific spirit which is associated in Spain with the name of Don Francisco Giner de los Rios. All who came under the influence of the Giner movement felt themselves to be a dedicated minority. They withdrew from the vulgar pleasures and feuds of Spanish life, had little belief or training in politics, and saw no prospect of regeneration in Spain except by the slow, indirect and leavening process of a new education. The disciples of Giner were the "Peculiar People" of Spain; their influence was considerable in the small professional middle class, but their political puritanism and scepticism turned them into members of a cult, which had few links with the real political situation. The Asturian rising of 1934 seemed to them morally indefensible—but Spain had been a workers' volcano for over a generation not a middle-class democracy—and by 1936 they were the fatalists and the first exiles of the civil war. The Republic, they said, had rushed to extremes, where the situation required moderation and diplomacy, and it would simply be a matter of time before the doctrinaires led the nation to disaster. There was no trained Civil Service capable of advice or of administration. This is Señor Madariaga's own view, and in matters of religion, education and labour, the behaviour of the Right and the Left justifies it. Unhappily the opinion of these gifted exiles, with their strong English connections, was only too influential on the mind of a frightened British Government. We do not now look back with much admiration or pleasure upon that Government which chose everywhere in Europe to see things as six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Oddly enough Señor Madariaga, the European, is Spanish enough to be an extreme isolationist when it comes to his own country. The Spanish civil war he says was a Spanish question. In his fatalism, Señor Madariaga seems to argue that the wisest thing to have done about the Franco rising would have been to accept it, as military risings were accepted in the past. Better the old bugbear than the totalitarian parties. If this is not Señor Madariaga's meaning, does he admit that there was a revolutionary situation? There is a peculiar sentence in his attack on the economics of the Republic which shows his isolation in an almost fantastic light: "No attempt was made to tackle the problem of Spain's economy as an organic whole, in order to bring it gradually back to a normal, healthy life in tune with the life of its neighbours." What normal healthy life were Spain's neighbours living in 1931? The Spanish civil war was not a Spanish question only, for Spain was infected with the diseases of Europe and, as Europe came to do, sought an extreme remedy for them. The foreign idealists of the Left may have misunderstood Spain; but they did not misunderstand the significance of the Spanish civil war in the world. They may have found that Spain itself resembled very little the pictures sent out by Pink or Red propagandists; they were alarmed by Spanish naivety, they may have been unprepared for Spanish egotism and separatism; and for the lack of real social instinct in the individual; but it is bitterly evident now that they did not at all misconceive the main situation.

Señor Madariaga's deflated account of the civil war is of absorbing interest and is packed with controversy. Personalities count for everything in Spain and one can see that Azaña's revulsion from the coarse but useful figure of Lerroux, may well have been fatal to the stability of the Left. But the attack on Negrin is bitterly intolerant; and here it is fair to protest that of all Europe's exiles, the Spaniards have behaved with far and away the greatest dignity. The story of the gold of the Bank of Spain will need, one is pretty certain, considerably more exploration than Señor Madariaga gives it. As it stands in his book, it is one of those fantastic Spanish scandals to which the foreigner turns an amazed and sceptical ear. I find it difficult to accept Señor Madariaga's innuendo that Russia became a leading gold exporter of the world after the receipt of the Spanish gold, but I may be innocent. If "a chain of gold" attached Negrin to Moscow, what chained Franco to Mussolini? Again, Señor del Vayo has denied that Russian help varied with the Comintern's success in the endless political intrigues of Valerein; perhaps he exaggerates, but the sinking of the S.S. *Komosol* obviously had its effect on the Russian Government which had to rely after that on such uncertain overland facilities as a very changeable France cared to offer. In regard to the removal of the Prado pictures, Señor del Vayo has explained that the Republic did not fear for their safety from bombs, but feared much more that Franco would sell them to pay his debts. A clause to prevent this was added specially in the agreement which the Government custodians demanded when they gave up the pictures.

There are many more such points on which the critic will quarrel with Señor Madariaga's political picture, and a great deal of dirty linen is still being washed in public. The reader will turn with more profit to his discussion of Spanish institutions, for here his plea for tolerance and enlightenment is not embittered; one can enjoy his theories, his paradoxes and his jokes, his European impatience with the gloomy obduracy and quixotism of Spanish things.

V. S. PRITCHETT

RUFUS ISAACS

Rufus Isaacs: First Marquis of Reading. By his son, THE MARQUIS OF READING, K.C. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

In outline the career of Rufus Isaacs was notably picturesque—a boy who left school before he was fourteen and became Lord Chief Justice, a stockjobber who was hammered and became Viceroy of India. Why, then, it may be asked, is this first volume of his biography not more interesting? In the first place it offers, as far as I can discover, no new facts of value to the historian of politics. Secondly, very few letters were available. (Rufus Isaacs, though a man of rare personal charm, did not share the urb interests of his great Liberal colleagues; but intellect was so powerful that his letters co hardly be insignificant.) Thirdly, filial p is not the most important part of a biograph equipment. It may even prove a handic Sometimes, for instance, the author of this w shows a certain tactlessness in his demands u our sympathy. He paints a sad picture of Rufus overworking himself at the Bar; but he was earning £30,000 a year, the comm reader may consider him more unwise t pitiable. Next he is held up to our admira for the "immense sacrifice" of income entai when he became Solicitor General; is it so a distinction to prefer political power to rich

Rufus Isaacs was sent to sea as a ship's when he was fifteen. After unsuccessful ventu in fruit-marketing and stockjobbing, he resum so effectively his education that he was ca to the Bar at the age of twenty-six. Thou never a great lawyer, he soon proved the m successful of advocates. He raised fees to heig previously undreamed of. (For my part I never read without misgiving about the splen prices commanded by the Aces of the Bar. must presume that their fees are fully earn does it not follow that the scales of Justice weighed against those who cannot afford s costly champions?) A large part of the b is devoted to summaries, usually too brief to interesting, of Sir Rufus's more sensational ca Then we have the beginnings of his polit career: in 1904 he became Liberal M.P. Reading, in 1908 Solicitor General, in 1912 was included in the Cabinet, in 1913 he bec Lord Chief Justice. And here the book ends.

This extraordinary "success story" broken only by one unlucky episode. The M coni scandal remains an interesting subj upon which there is still no agreement am historians. One reads therefore with partic attention the fifty pages devoted to it in this bo The original and wild accusations brought aga Sir Rufus and Mr. Samuel were largely due an odious anti-Semitic campaign. Both minis were accused of buying shares in the Engl Marconi Company at a time when this comp was seeking a government contract. They den the charge. Later Sir Rufus admitted that had bought shares in the American Marc Company, after satisfying himself that it had interest in the English company. (Mr. Sam never had any shares in any Marconi compan The matter was referred to a Parliament Committee, with most unsatisfactory resul for they produced majority and minority repo dividing on strictly party lines.

The son of Sir Rufus Isaacs can hardly censured for writing about this episode with partiality of an advocate rather than with detachment of a judge. Nevertheless his defe would be more effective if family feeling pla less evident a part. No reference is made to unhappy impression caused by the evidence Mr. Godfrey Isaacs. Sir Rufus's omission mention the purchase of American Marc shares during the debate on the appointment the Committee is attributed to overwork and "a child-like faith in the essential decency human nature":

> It would never have entered his mind that, ev if he had made a mistake, political opponents wou seize upon it and magnify it into charges of perso corruption in the hope of gaining a party advanta by such underhand means.

The present Lord Reading (who is a K.C.) using this plea does justice to the intelligen neither of his father nor of his readers. Ruf Isaacs had appeared as counsel for the defenda in a libel action brought by a member of t Chamberlain family in the Kynoch's case. 1913, moreover, party feeling was more feroci than it had been for a century. The vulgar violen of Mr. Bonar Law's invective was surpass only by Cecilian hooliganism in the House Commons. Nor does this explanation cov Sir Rufus's omission to inform the Prime Minist of his purchases. Indeed, the biographer pass silence over this omission, which was grossly fair to Mr. Asquith. Moreover, the account of deals in American Marconi shares is inadequate. e are told that Sir Rufus bought 10,000 shares 2, sold 2,000 (to Mr. Lloyd George and the aster of Elibank) at the same price; sold 8,000 ore at prices varying between $3\frac{1}{8}$ and $2\frac{11}{16}$; and a result of the whole deal lost some £1,300! they stand, these facts make nonsense. he truth is that Sir Rufus had an agreement ith his brother Harry (who owned 50,000 ares) that any sales made by either of them ould be treated as sales on account of each; and r Rufus's loss was due to his brother retaining large number of shares. This fact is not dis- editable, and its omission must be attributed carelessness rather than to partiality.

Among those who affected to be scandalised by e Marconi affair were many who brazenly repre- nted in the House the interests not of their onstituents but of brewers, coal-owners, and anufacturers. For the three errors of judgment ade in this affair by Sir Rufus he paid heavily anxiety and reputation. But Mr. Asquith shewed aracteristic generosity, a generosity that was elf a high tribute to the virtues of its bene- ciary. Sir Rufus was able further to serve his ountry as Ambassador in Washington, as Vice- y, and as Foreign Minister. A succeeding lume will deal with these activities. One wishes at the author would follow the wise example a more skilful writer, Mr. Cyril Asquith, who cured a collaborator for his Life of Lord Oxford. his first volume, for all its good intentions, oes much less than justice to a very remarkable an.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

BEYOND PHYSICS?

hysics and Philosophy. By SIR JAMES JEANS. *Cambridge University Press.* 8s. 6d.

This is a disappointing book. Readers of Sir ames Jeans's popularisations of scientific theories ave come to expect from him clarity in exposition nd illuminating analogies. This book falls far hort of his other works in this respect. His position of the new quantum theory, for in- ance, is likely to be less intelligible to the layman han such expositions as were given by Dr. Louis nfeld in *The World of Modern Science.* Perhaps his latest work of Sir James Jeans should ot be judged from this standpoint. He remarks at if he had to choose a sub-title, it might well e "The reflections of a physicist on some of the problems of philosophy." It is an appropriate sub-title. Nevertheless, the result is disappointing. It would be reasonable to expect that these reflections should have enabled Sir James Jeans to give us a more careful statement of his philosophy than he provided in the last chapter of *The Mysterious Universe* and in his Presidential Address to the British Association in 1934. Instead, we are given only a repetition of the views expounded in those writings, more shortly, but certainly not more clearly, expressed. Indeed, it becomes evident as one reads that Sir James Jeans has not begun to realise how much of his philosophical views are the outcome of linguistic mixtures. All that is new in this present discussion is a cursory examination of various philosophical doctrines, associated with the names of Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant and Berkeley.

Sir James Jeans's conception of what the first three of these philosophers attempted to do is extremely odd. He thinks, for instance, that Descartes "wished above all things to maintain the freedom of the will against the scientific considerations which seemed to be abolishing it," and he supposes that Descartes "divided the universe into two ingredients, mind and matter, which could not interact," in order that he might be able to establish the freedom of the will. This derivation of the Cartesian dualism is as original as it is absurd. One wonders whether Sir James Jeans has taken the trouble to study Descartes's own writings. He cannot be regarded as a reliable guide to the views of the philosophers whom he discusses and whose doctrines he not infrequently distorts. His failure to give any references to the sources of his quotations, and mis-statements, is inexcusable.

At the outset Sir James Jeans tries to make it clear what physics and philosophy respectively are. "Physics," he says, "tries to discover the pattern of events which controls the phenomena we observe." Immediately he adds: "But we can never know what this pattern means nor how it originates, and even if some superior intelligence were to tell us, we should find the explanation unintelligible. Our studies can never put us into contact with reality, and its true meaning and nature must be for ever hidden from us." This quotation must suffice to indicate the author's point of view; it will be familiar to readers of his earlier works. Again and again, in the present book, he returns to the view that we are shut up within the prison-house of our own minds and thus can never "investigate the real nature of the things—gold, water, atomic hydrogen, centimetres or wavelengths—which inhabit that mysterious world out beyond our sense-organs." What does this mean? If it means only that physics cannot deal with what is *in principle unknowable*, then the statement is certainly true, but it is also irrelevant. If it means that *we*, i.e., human beings, lack the sense-organs required to know what "lies beyond," then this statement makes nonsense of his general account of physical knowledge as consisting in knowledge of ratios. In his last chapter he does suggest that our inability to obtain an intelligible model of physical reality is due to our restriction to five senses. The cry that we can never know the essential nature of a centimetre must be dismissed as absurd.

Philosophy is said to begin "wherever science leaves off." Sir James Jeans is foolish enough to define metaphysics as "that department of philosophy which lies 'beyond physics'"—evidently he is ignorant of the origin of the word. Can it be that this ignorance is responsible for his fevered search for the mysterious world beyond?

Some pertinent remarks are made with regard to the lack of an "agreed terminology" in philosophy. It is consequently all the more surprising that Sir James Jeans himself makes much use of the words "objective" and "subjective," "mental constructs" and "things" without making any attempt to show precisely what he intends us to understand by these words.

The publisher's blurb, perhaps unintentionally, reveals one of the most serious defects of Sir James Jeans's thinking; the summary states that the book raises the following questions: Is the world spiritual and mental or material in its ultimate essence; is it better likened to a thought or to a machine? It is taken for granted that *the world* must be "likened" either to a *thought* or a *machine*, that it has *an ultimate essence* which is *either* mental *or* material. These are indeed the light-minded assumptions with which Sir James Jeans begins; he ends—as he has done before—by inclining to the view that "the objective [unexplained] and material universe is proved to consist of little more than constructs of our own minds"; that "the free-will question" can now (physicists consenting) be reopened, and that the new physics shows us a universe fit for free men to dwell therein. It sounds fine—until we begin to ask ourselves two pertinent questions: in *what* sense did "the old physics" show us only "a prison house"?; in *what* sense does "the new physics" show us

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SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

is to write regularly for "The Observer" on the great issues now confronting the nation. His first article on Social Security appears next Sunday, and will deal with the meaning of maintenance of employment.

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"a home" in which we can "mould events to our desires and live lives of endeavour and achievement"? These questions are not asked in this book, nor can we find in it any indication of how they should be answered.

L. SUSAN STEBBING

CAN IT BE DONE ?

The Church and the Modern World. By R. A. EDWARDS. *Methuen.* 3s. 6*d.*

The theme of this moving little book is simple. Starting from the premise that in this crisis of our civilisation people, taken by and large, do not listen to the teaching of the Church, it proceeds to ask will they ever do so again, and what are the conditions which must be satisfied if they are to do so.

Mr. Edwards's questions have a certain topicality, because of the general *verbal* agreement that the war is to be followed by "something different and more humane than the predatory social system of the past." In theory, Christianity has always condemned "the predatory social system"; in practice it has left it alone. Is there, people are wondering, just a chance that the Church might for once be "prepared to stand to what it taught," or is the classical jibe "For God's sake don't touch the Church of England; it is the only thing that stands between us and Christianity" once more to receive its melancholy justification? People are prepared, Mr. Edwards thinks, to give the Church just this chance, with the implied reservation that it is the last one.

The conditions are two: that the Church should speak its message with a clear voice and should speak it with love. What is the clear voice to say? There is, of course, no new message; if Christianity is true, what there is of truth in it has always been true and will remain so. Mr. Edwards is contemptuous of attempts to refurbish Christian doctrine to meet every fashion of contemporary thought and every change in contemporary conditions. What, then, should be clearly spoken is simply the traditional message; but the Church should say it as if it meant it and act as if it meant it. Acting as if it meant it entails negatively that the Church should cease to reflect the existing order of society and cease to support it. If it were no longer visibly the prop and the mirror of an un-Christian order, if it ceased to present Christianity as "something withdrawn from normal life, a cult of the future life, a scheme of salvation for the next world . . . a secluded piety that needs solace for the bruised spirit in ceremonial, in music, in the magic of lovely words," people might be prepared to listen to it.

Mr. Edwards summarises, I think, very justly the charge which most people bring against the Church. "You seem," he supposes them to say, "to be doing and saying very much what we do and say; only you add to it something about 'another world,' which you fail to relate to this one. If we are to listen to you we want to see you doing different things and hear you saying different things from what we do and say ourselves."

"Doing different things" entails that the clergy should come out of their big houses and live in little ones, abandon the property rights of the "Parson's Freehold," and regard themselves as movable servants of the community—"how can the servants of Jesus Christ have property rights?"—cease to insist on the retention of the parson's right of teaching in Church schools, put an end to the divisions that separate the Christian Churches, cut the cable of the connection with the State and so free themselves from the obligation of servants to apologise for and defend the policies and actions of their masters. The clergyman's master, Mr. Edwards insists, is Christ; how, then, can he also have a master in the State?

Positively, it entails accepting the ethics of Communism without necessarily endorsing its political methods. Communism confronts our present system with "the criticism of one simple idea, that a man should get from the community no more than he genuinely needs, and give to it all that he can." "I confess," Mr. Edwards adds, "that I cannot see how our system can successfully withstand such a challenge." He deduces that it is the duty of the Christian Church to commend to the English world Communist ideals and the changes that their acceptance involves, instead of rationalising its disinclination to accept the logic of the identity between Communist and Christian ethics by denunciations of the official atheism of Marxist revolutionary theory and the bloodiness of Russian revolutionary practice; both Mr. Edwards regards as accidental accompaniments and not as necessary concomitants of the acceptance of Communist ideals. But it is as a Christian first and a Communist second, accepting Communist ethics as a natural corollary of his Christian belief, that Mr. Edwards bestows his blessing.

These, then, are some of the things that the speaking of the Christian message clearly and wi love would entail. If the Church would do the things, then the dry bones might come to li again; if the Church were to say them, peop might listen seeing that "the plain speech ca from men and women who love enough to ta the risk of seeing their speech translated in action." To sum up Mr. Edwards's prescriptio in a word, it is that the Churches should cease preach one thing and to practise the opposite.

I do not see how it is possible for a professin Christian to quarrel with this argument or to ca at its conclusions. The book is well and wi ningly written, and the spirit which inspires it that which has taken Pastor Niemoller into th concentration camp and, let us hope, sustains hi there. It is the spirit of the priest who will n serve two masters. But can the Church do it One may be pardoned for feeling doubtful.

C. E. M. JOAD

PALMISTRY AND SCIENCE

The Human Hand. By CHARLOTTE WOLF *Methuen.* 16*s.*

Dr. C. Wolff, the authoress of this book, at th outset of the Nazi regime wisely left her home the borders of Poland and came to Londo There she was engaged in research work in th Psychological laboratory of University College devoting much of her energy and time to a co tinuation of her study of the psychology of th hands. Very few people with a scientific habit mind look upon palmistry as other than a form quackery, or upon the palmist as other than conscious or an unconscious charlatan. Th very names these people use to indicate the mo obvious lines of the hand—the Heart Line, th Head Line, the Life Line, the Fate Line—sugge as Dr. Wolff says, "the weighty meaning th attach to them. But," Dr. Wolff continues, "th crease-lines are by no means so important as th general form of the hand, without full consider tion of which the significance of the lines cann be adequately described." Elsewhere she write "I have no hesitation in agreeing (with th scientists) that chiromancy, which is the supe stitious reading of the hand lines, regarded symbols of fate and character, does not possess scientific foundation." At the same time she do attach some psycho-diagnostic value to th accessory lines of the hand considered in relatio to the general form and type of that hand. Th four principal creases, which are the direct resu

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wreckage of homes
by day and night
the struggle of
life and death
went on. The
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spread fear..."

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the muscular activity of the hand and arm, are mmon to all normal people. They are the ult of voluntary and more or less purposeful vement; whereas most of the accessory creasees are due to reflex movements related to otional impulses. They are not consequent on liberate manual activity or manual work. For t reason it is conceivable that they have erpretative value in judging a subject's psyology. The book is illustrated with a number interesting and informative hand-impressions, d the text is plain and unexaggerated. Most aders will find much that falls short of being nvincing or conclusive; but many scoffers will led to wonder if there may not be more in the nd as an indicator of the intellectual and otional possibilities and of the fundamental aracter of the individual examined than they d hitherto suspected. HARRY ROBERTS

Week-end Competitions

No. 674

t by William Whitebait

Our advertisers of patent medicines seem to shout s than they did. What they need is a wonderful w disease, and competitors are asked to supply this, gether with an advertisement of its cure. Limit of words.

In future the prize money will be Four Guineas stead of two and a half guineas, to be divided cording to the recommendation of the judge.

LES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and ould be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great rnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor first post on Monday, Jan. 11th.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves e right to print in part or as a whole any matter nt in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. nnot be returned. When no entries reach the quired standard no prize will be awarded.

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 671

t by Audrey Hilton

The usual prizes of two guineas and half a guinea are offered for the best new nursery rhymes. Variations or parodies of old ones not wanted. Limit, 16 lines.

eport by Audrey Hilton

Nonsensical, political, farcical, whimsical, some them musical, one with a tune—yes, it's a catching pastime. But how many of these entries are *nursery* rhymes? How many would become part of the mind's furniture, stumbled against at the oddest moments all through life? Hardly any. A nursery rhyme should seem at once spontaneous and inevitable; it should be very simple, and yet have the spareness that comes only from selection. Perhaps W. B. who said, "You are asking the impossible" (and then sent in three amusing attempts) was right. The old nursery rhymes are well worn and anonymous, and most new ones compared with them have the roughness of pebbles picked from the top of the beach, where the sea never comes. In the large political class Stanley J. Sharpless's "Proly-roly-tary-an, Went to bed with the bev'ridge plan"; Tpr. D. Randall's "A handsome young stranger came rollicking by, With his: 'Are you inclined to the Left? So am I'"; and P. Best's "The Lion came to Carthage, The Jackal was in Rome" seemed to me the most entertaining, apart from Reginald Reynold's entry which gets a second prize for combining a rhyme for the times with a pleasant nonsensical noise. The "inconsequent" section included Judith Hubback's "Abracadabra the wise man said, Three red herrings went to bed"; Fred Milne's ". . . bloater, with some hauteur"; E. W. Fordham's "Lord and Lady Thingummajig Used to ride an enormous pig"; and Jerry Kitchin's "Poor Tom Taylor hadn't any sense, He sold his boots for eighteenpence." Good children's verses (still not nursery rhymes) came from W. J. Strachan, David Heggie, Nancy Gunter, Angela Bagot-Gray (age 14) and Gordon Simpson. Bdr. D. H. Ashton was the only one brave enough to use the medieval pattern of religious-homely, but he didn't quite bring it off. I recommend G. de Vavasour and Allan Laing for first prizes of 17s. 6d. each, and V. F. Horniball for the other second prize of 8s. 9d.

PARACHUTE MAN.

Parachute man, tonight, tonight,
Take me a ride on your mushroom white.
Over the moon, if I may choose,
But I have to be back for the nine o'clock news.
(G. DE VAVASOUR)

OLD ST. PAUL'S.

Fire, fire, fire!
Burning up St. Bride's,
Burning up St. Clement Dane's,
The Dutch Church besides.
Burning up St. Sepulchre's,
Down go the walls!
Burning up St. Peter's——
But not St. Paul's.

Ruins of St. Andrew's,
Ruins of St. James;
Where's the City Temple?
Gone up in flames.
Where is grey St. Mary's?
Only empty walls.
All are down in London Town
But old St. Paul's. (G. DE VAVASOUR)

Said the Man in the Moon
To the Barrage Balloon:
"Pray what are you doing up here in the sky?"
Said the Barrage Balloon
To the Man in the Moon:
"O, please, Sir, excuse me; I'm trying to fly."

Said the Man in the Moon
To the Barrage Balloon:
"Come up, if you can, just a little bit higher."
Said the Barrage Balloon
To the Man in the Moon:
"I would if I could, but I can't leave my wire."
(ALLAN M. LAING)

HENERY, HENERY.

Henery, Henery,
Where's the new Wrenery,
Waafery, Attery,
Amazon Battery?
What are those hushery voices and shoes
Like pseudery-suedery-nine-o'-clock-news?

Henery, Henery,
Didymus Dubb,
What did they say to you
Down at the pub?
They said that Newcastle
Was up on the Tyne,
And when it's not raining
The weather is fine. (REGINALD REYNOLDS)

Ah Sin,
The great Mandarin,
Built himself a house of a biscuit tin.
When he got out
He couldn't get in——
Ah Sin,
The great Mandarin. (V. F. HORNIBALL)

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